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Events of the Week.

On Wednesday, the Government decided to release Mr. Larkin, not before a fury of indignation was rising in Labor and Liberal circles all over the country. The waves of sight and sound are supposed to move with considerable rapidity, but it has taken a full fortnight for popular opinion to affect those who are competent to redress so flagrant an outrage on justice and common sense. It must be assumed from his speech on Thursday that so sound a democrat as Mr. Birrell did not countenance so foolish a proceeding. If, as seems likely, it was an official kow-towing to the influential Dublin employers (connived at by Nationalist leaders, fearful of a political cross-current), its folly is now manifest. For it has raised Mr. Larkin into a figure of first-rate importance in the Labor movement of Great Britain, and has, by the comparison with Sir Edward Carson, furnished a striking example of class privilege at the very time when such examples are most perilous to the cause of Liberalism.

MEANWHILE, the industrial situation at Dublin is daily growing worse. On Wednesday, the Transport

Workers called out the dock laborers in the service of the various shipping companies, thus closing down the port of Dublin. This stoppage of the goods traffic by sea will have an immediate effect in raising food prices, and will aggravate the situation for the workers. The attempt to introduce "free labor," though not largely successful, is a constant source of minor rioting. Added to this is the refusal of the police to permit some forms of peaceful picketing always practised in this country as within the law. In Dublin, the release of Mr. Larkin will not, therefore, satisfy the workers that the public authorities are holding an even balance of justice. In a passionately eloquent letter to the "Times," Mr. G. W. Russell ("A. E.") makes a final appeal to his fellow-citizens to compel the employers by force of public opinion to accept the proposals for peaceful settlement made by the Askwith Commission. The obduracy of the Dublin employers seems to be animated by the conviction that each fresh action of the workers represents "their last kick." They are astonished to find that ordinary working people will starve so long for a principle. Has not the time come when the Government should again intervene to end a state of affairs that threatens serious consequences on both sides of the Channel?

THE first lesson from the three by-elections of the week is the exposure of the absurd contention that a general election could be made a referendum on Home Rule. Neither the losses nor the gains of votes at Reading, Linlithgow, and Keighley can be shown to turn chiefly, or even considerably, upon the question of Home Rule in general, or of Ulster in particular. The Unionist majority at Reading of 68 above the aggregate of Liberal and Socialist votes represents a very trifling turnover as compared with the year 1910, and all these are votes for a Home Rule candidate. The vote-turning issues were, during the earlier part of the campaign, the Insurance misrepresentations; during the latter part, Larkin. The Socialist poll of over a thousand was mainly a protest against this act of unjust and tyrannical administration. The large defection of Liberal votes at Linlithgow, which returned a Liberal with a majority reduced by a thousand, must be explained in the same way. Indeed, it seems likely that the growing exasperation of the workers was there carried further, and that large numbers of votes were actually transferred to the Unionist in default of a Labor candidate.

KEIGHLEY shows, indeed, a remarkable fidelity to the Government, due probably in large degree to the personal character and popularity of Sir Sidney Buckmaster. This result was naturally a bitter disappointment to the Opposition, who fondly imagined that at last they had the Government "upon the run." But this favored explanation was peculiarly fatuous. "This Yorkshire division is in no sense an index constituency," writes, complacently, the "Morning Post." But the palm for effrontery must be awarded to the "Scotsman," which says: "Not less than the supporters of Lord Lascelles, the followers of Mr. Bland, the Labor candidate, were the adversaries of the Home Rule Adminis-

tration, and voted to thrust it out of office"—i.e., the Labor vote is to be counted against the Government upon the single issue upon which labor everywhere gives the Government a solid support.

* * *

THE positive moral of these elections is its indication of the force and growth of the Socialist and Labor feeling in the country. And this is the more significant at a time when there is no strong formal Labor platform to set against the powerful appeal of Mr. Lloyd George, and when the Labor representatives in Parliament have been unable to justify the separate existence of a Labor Party by any conspicuous achievement or by any conspicuous attempt. Why should the workers cast their thousand votes at Reading and their three thousand odd at Keighley to put into the House of Commons men who do not seem able to accomplish anything for Labor when they are there? It is a quite unreasonable procedure, but very natural. A Labor candidate is far more stirring than a Labor member.

* * *

THE United States Government has this week followed up its "penultimatum" to General Huerta by initiating what is intended to be a slow and graded career of intervention. After presenting what was at last an ultimatum requiring the Dictator to retire from his post, and attempting to interview him personally, Mr. Lind, the President's representative, has left Mexico city without receiving a reply. There is sure reason, however, to suppose that Huerta has disappeared, and that the whole crisis may be arranged without further pressure. An obviously official communication to the "Times" sketches the further steps which will, in case of need, be taken. Financial pressure will first be tried, and speculators are warned that concessions granted by Huerta are worthless. If this fails, a blockade will follow, and Customs may possibly be collected by the U.S. Navy. "Nothing will induce" the United States to acquire Mexican territory; but, on the other hand, Dr. Wilson is prepared to "invade Mexico if necessary."

* * *

MEANWHILE, the risk of any conflict of views between our Government and President Wilson is happily removed. Mr. Asquith's Guildhall speech was an anxious and manifestly sincere effort to remove the impression caused by the action of our representative in Mexico. Mr. Asquith disclaimed any idea of intervention in the domestic concerns of any South American State—the utmost we might ever do would be to protect our subjects on the coast in time of urgent danger. He stoutly denied the suggestion that we had entered on a policy opposed to that of the United States. We had recognized Huerta as a matter of routine, because he was in possession before the American policy was announced. We were exchanging views with the American Government in a spirit of the utmost cordiality, assured that nothing can happen to disturb our friendly and sympathetic understanding. This speech has been well received by the American Press, and Mr. Page has conveyed the President's thanks. The disturbing rumors current last week that the British companies grouped round Lord Cowdray had granted a loan to General Huerta are contradicted in an ambiguous letter which he has written to the "Times."

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL's speech at the Guildhall banquet, in replying for the Navy, was an extraordinary one. It was self-contradictory, for while declaring that our fleets were manned by 150,000 men—a force twice as numerous, and with a training

three or four times as long as that of the next strongest naval Power—and that the danger to European peace had greatly lessened, he added that no relaxation of war-ship building was possible. Not only were they not to stop; they were to go on faster than ever, because Germany was still building ships, and other Powers, great and small, as well. Next year, therefore, he should present estimates "substantially greater" than those of last year, and they would "go to Parliament boldly" in order to obtain them. He admitted that a "considerable school" disbelieved in Dreadnoughts, owing to the growth of the power of the submarine and the aeroplane; but he thought that the decision of naval wars still lay with the great and heavily armed battleships. In any case, our submarines were "twice as powerful" as those of our "next strongest" rival, and now over the "whole sphere of aerial development" we had to make ourselves "the first nation," above France as well as Germany. For this object the nation must pay its annual toll of blood and money. A more megalomaniac speech was never, we think, delivered by any First Lord. It has been bitterly criticised by the Liberal daily press, and (need it be said?) very badly received in Germany.

* * *

IN his important speech at Middlesbrough last Saturday, Mr. George set out the first instalment of his urban land policy. The grip of landlordism was as strong upon the town as upon the country, and fell oppressively on "its industry, trade, and commerce, the education of children, sanitation, water, lighting, housing." His policy of liberation placed housing in the forefront. But bad housing, overcrowding, and their related evils were largely a matter of the price of land. Wherever land was needed for some public purposes, the municipality was confronted by "a ring of impenetrable greed. The Chancellor's practical proposals included a national house survey as the basis for a general attack upon slums and overcrowding. There would be facilities for the erection of new houses and transport, the removal of the existing difficulties in the way of town improvements, the extravagant prices of land, the heavy rates, the injustice in the rating assessments, and the restrictions on the purchase of land for development by municipalities. Land must be bought at a fair market price, and municipalities must secure the areas of rising values round the towns.

* * *

MR. BONAR LAW's speech at Norwich, where the National Unionist Association has been sitting, was emphatically a leader's speech and a programme speech. Its most significant passage was the rather dismal opening paragraph, which nailed the Tariff Reform flag to the mast, promised a 10 per cent. duty on manufactured goods, and adhered to Imperial Preference minus food taxes, without attempting to explain what is left after the subtraction. The attack on the Insurance Act was notable for a rather hesitating declaration that Unionists may go so far as to eliminate from it the compulsory principle. On the Irish question, he has not followed Mr. Garvin's leadership, nor yet Mr. Balfour's. He adheres to his resolve to favor a compromise, and will consider any proposals which Mr. Asquith may put forward; but he once more adjured him, should a settlement by consent fail, to go to the country.

* * *

LORD MACDONNELL makes, in the pages of the "Manchester Guardian," an important contribution to the settlement by consent of the Ulster question. Holding that the exclusion policy is quite impracticable, he thinks

that the devolution of administrative powers to North-East Ulster could be carried beyond the spheres of "Education" and "Local Government." He proposes that an Administrative Council should be formed for the four counties, popularly elected under proportional representation, so as to give the minority fair play, and that to this Council, strengthened where necessary for its Committee work by some members appointed by the Lord Lieutenant, should be entrusted the delegated services with the patronage appertaining to them. The Irish Parliament must, of course, retain powers of inspection and of enforcing obedience to orders, and the Ulster Council must furnish to them the financial information necessary to the allocation of funds and audit of accounts. In addition to Education and Local Government, he would give the Ulster Council certain powers of suggestion with regard to local legal appointments, which the Lord Lieutenant should dispense. The police and resident magistrates should remain under the administration of the Lord Lieutenant so long as the Imperial Government thought fit. The execution of certain sorts of local works and the control of such institutions as thrift societies and agricultural banks might also be entrusted to the Council. The extra cost of such local administrations must, of course, be borne by the four counties.

On the broad political question, Lord MacDonnell holds that such a solution rests with Sir Edward Carson and his friends. "If their real object be to obtain for Unionist Ulster the special safeguards they say are necessary, and not to set Protestants and Catholics by the ears, and thereby wreck Irish Home Rule and destroy the Liberal Government, then they may for the asking get all the safeguards that are necessary." There are, indeed, many indications that thoughtful Unionist opinion in this country is setting strongly in this direction. But each indication is countered by some intransigent speech by the Ulster extremists, who will hear nothing of delegation from an Irish Parliament in Dublin, or of submission to the result of such a general election as Mr. Bonar Law and English Unionists are anxious to secure. The present practical difficulty appears to centre round the problem of initiation. The Government, having made their tentative overture, wait for a response from the Unionist leaders. The latter say "No. You alone are in a position of legislative power; it therefore devolves on you to give concrete shape to your suggestion." The Government justly reply, "We are not in a position to amend our Bill without your consent. State any changes you will accept, consistent with the general frame of the measure, and we will try to meet you."

THE Indian miners of Natal, under their Tolstoian leader, Mr. Gandhi, have adopted a dramatic method of protest. To the number of over two thousand they quitted the mines and marched into the Transvaal, where they sought a refuge at Mr. Gandhi's settlement, "Tolstoy Farm." The movement, wholly pacific and orderly though it is, has come into conflict with the laws of both colonies. Mr. Gandhi is now a prisoner in Natal, and awaits his trial in the Transvaal; his offences being, in the first case, that he incited indentured laborers to desert from the Natal mines, and, in the second, that he transgressed the Transvaal immigration law by importing prohibited persons. He pleaded guilty in Natal, and his own advocate asked for the maximum penalty; his sentence is nine months' imprisonment. The "Cape Times" fully admits two main points in the Indian case—the iniquity of the £3 poll-tax on Indians, and the inhumanity of the prohibition which forbids them to

bring their wives with them. Mr. Gandhi is, unfortunately, a Larkin with no voters behind him, but in the last resort no Court and no law can physically compel even indentured miners to work.

THE Chinese mails bring us belated copies of the curious address in which Yuan-Shih-Kai promised to mark his Presidency by combining respect for Chinese traditions with an adoption of Western Science, but, above all, to teach "morality" and to enforce law. The telegraph meanwhile informs us of the consequences of his *coup d'état*. After depriving 400 of his opponents of their seats in Parliament, he has now discovered that Parliament itself has no longer a reason for existing. It will be "suspended" indefinitely, while a nominated Council of 71 members will sit in its place, and may perhaps draw up a Constitution. This Council consists mainly of old *régime* officials, and Young China is totally banned. Among Yuan's reasons for destroying Parliament he alleges its great expense, a plausible reason if it be true that he had to pay as much as £500 apiece for the votes which elected him President.

THE ritual murder trial has ended in a defeat for the "true Russian" reaction. On Monday the Kiev jury, after a five-weeks' trial, pronounced Beilis innocent, but in answer to one of the Judge's questions, declared that the murder had been committed in the Zaitcheff factory. The jury, which included six peasants and three small officials, was not expected to acquit itself so well. On a close view its verdict is not wholly satisfactory. It leaves a loophole for suspicion, for the Zaitcheff firm are Jews, and the prosecution made much of the fact that they had a room in their building for religious exercises. But Russian opinion seems indisposed to fasten on this detail. The whole Jewish race was being tried in the person of Beilis, and the one fact which matters is that he is free, after two years and a half of mental torture. The Black Hundreds were openly preparing for pogroms on the eve of the verdict, but a vigorously worded order from the Government has prevented an outbreak. The verdict shows that average opinion is now well in advance of the obscurantist bureaucracy, and there is now, what there was not in 1905 and 1906, enough respect for Western opinion to prevent pogroms.

AN aftermath of the Marconi affair appeared this week in the shape of a decree of the Stock Exchange Committee, inflicting a long term of "suspension" upon three members of the firm of jobbers, Messrs. Heybourn & Croft, for grave irregularities in their method of introducing the American Marconi shares on to the Stock Exchange. The Committee were of opinion that the brokers committed a breach of trust to the other brokers who left orders with them for execution at the opening of the market in April 19th, 1912. In consequence of this misconduct, many members of the public were heavy losers by the purchases of American Marconi shares at a time when their ignorance of the real situation caused these shares to have a highly inflated value. The London Stock Exchange is not a believer in the unrestricted doctrine of *caveat emptor* in cases where buyers, from the nature of the case, are liable to an ignorance of facts that are essential to the establishment of a true market price.

WE shall publish next week the second of Mr. Stephen Reynolds's series of articles on "Wealth and Life."

Politics and Affairs.

LARKIN'S RELEASE—AND AFTER

READING has given a sensational turn to the series of by-elections which have just come to a close, but we see no reason to separate them from the general run of their predecessors, or to suit an entirely new moral to them. Since December, 1910, the electoral feeling of the country has exhibited three general characteristics. The first is the maintenance in somewhat diminished force of the relationship then established between Liberalism and Toryism pure and simple. The second is the failure of Unionism to attain any conspicuous success with the new electorate. The third is the increasing strength of the independent or Labor vote. The most significant of these factors is the last, and it is, therefore, interesting to see how it has worked out at Reading, Linlithgow, and Keighley. The Labor vote is clearly permanent, for no sensational issue between the two great parties—such as the Ulster disturbance—affects it. It works in one or two ways, now openly hostile to Liberalism, and now as a competitive rather than a vehemently aggrieved and acutely resentful force, as it is at the moment. But it is never inconspicuous or futile. At Reading it virtually, though not formally, determined the result. At Linlithgow it made some, if not all, the difference between a steady Liberal majority, offering no temptation to a Tory attack, and a serious dwindling of it. At Keighley it merely appeared as a growing rival of a well-handled Liberal army, remaining more than intact under a normal opposition. Now let us turn to the position of Toryism. At Reading, though it is the nominal and even the sensational victor, it merely realizes a trifling advance on the strength achieved in the two General Elections of 1910. At Linlithgow the growth is much more substantial, but it is obviously divided between an increased rally of the ownership vote and a deliberate transference of the strength of advanced Labor to the Tory candidature. At Keighley, again, it is almost stationary and suffers serious encroachment at the hands of Labor, now rapidly mounting to the second place on the polls. The Liberal press, therefore, is clearly entitled to add together the Liberal and Labor polls for the purpose of showing that all Ulster's bravery does not subtract a pennyweight from the case for Home Rule, and supplies but feeble sustenance to the hopes of a great Unionist reaction. Personal testimony in all these cases confirms the silent witness of the figures. The man who lost votes for Liberalism this and last week was not Sir Edward Carson but James Larkin.

These, then, are the clear quantitative results of the elections; there remains the much more serious qualitative issue. Let us leave Laborism and Toryism alone for the moment, and ask how the Government stand with their own public? That question answered, we would put another. With what kind of public do the Government want to stand well? They are suffering to-day the consequences of a grave error of policy. But the initial mistake occurred when nothing was in question but the sense of what a Liberal Government owed to the spirit of

democracy, fully equipped, by the State's deliberate will and action, with the right and duty of free speech. The earlier victims of the attack on free speech were Mr. Crowley, Mr. Mann, the defendants in the blasphemy prosecutions, and a proportion at least of the suffragists. We warned the Government over and over again that here lay an inevitable breach, not merely with a powerful element in the Coalition, but with the genius of Liberalism. The breach has come, and the Government have had to repair it in undignified haste and in the face of an estrangement on the part of organized labor, British and Irish, unparalleled since the early trade unionist struggles for a charter. No Government could have done this which had its eyes in the right quarter. But there lies the trouble of modern Administrations. Two rivals dispute for their favors. A great community, with political and commercial interests stretching out over the best part of the globe, has a call on its statesmen which they cannot refuse. But Liberalism is not identical with Imperialism, and even if it were, the weakness, the poverty, the physical and intellectual anæmia of masses of our home population, ought to be its first thought. Who are the workmen and workwomen of the country? As to one sex they enjoy as full a citizenship as the well-to-do classes; as to the second, every man who understands the full doctrine of Liberalism must yield them an equal right of enfranchisement. Yet the most popular leader of these men and women has lain in prison on a trumped-up charge, forced through a middle-class jury by the hard riding of a law officer of the Crown. And to-day the Cabinet is powerless to strike a blow for social order by way of the emancipation of women.

Now, the Government have wisely decided that the one monstrous act of injustice was remediable. The law is made for the nation, not the nation for the law, and when nearly every representative journal in the country, from the "Spectator" to the "Daily Herald," called for Mr. Larkin's release, released he was bound to be. But we are less concerned even with Mr. Larkin's freedom, greatly as we applaud the resolve to open his prison doors without further parley, than with the renewal of the Liberal spirit. Eight years of power make serious inroads on the freshness of men who suffer this long detachment from the broad currents of public opinion. Ideas get stale; the use and wont of office, and the hourly pressure of small duties, tend to turn statesmen into officials, as they turn officials into reactionists. All we can say is that if the Cabinet yields to this process of fining down Liberalism, it will neither secure Home Rule nor win the next election. Such a result would be the mere futility of misadventure. Whiggery is dead, and has left no heirs. Average Toryism is in no better case. The choice is being rapidly narrowed to a form of Tory democracy which is repudiated by more than half the Tory Party, and a Liberalism which really elects to take up the problems of democracy as its direct representatives prepare and present them. Everything else in politics is either dead or dying, or as yet unready, to be born. But if Liberalism falls back into scepticism about popular movements or irrational fear of their proper, rational, and inevitable expression, it will die too.

THE TOWNSMAN AND THE LAND.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's animated and lucid exposition at Middlesbrough last Saturday of a further instalment of the Government's land policy makes it clear that when the urban programme is completed it will be no less comprehensive and far-reaching than that already announced for the villages. Speaking, as he phrased it, "north of the slave line," he naturally refrained from dealing with the evils of the leasehold system, under which great towns like London and Huddersfield, and vast industrial districts like South Wales, see development checked, industry harassed, and capital confiscated. But his speech to the Town Tenants' League, though limited in its direct application to the grievances of the occupiers of business premises, gives unmistakable indications as to the policy of the Cabinet on the subject, shortly to be fully disclosed to a North London audience. This pernicious form of tenure, surely the worst which the perversity of the human intellect ever invented, will be so radically transformed that it can no longer be used as an instrument for the exercise of arbitrary and irresponsible power over the lives and occupations of men, and for the levying of blackmail when improvements are carried out, or when the occupier of property desires to alter its use in response to the ever-changing requirements of a developing city. We have no doubt that leases for life will be swept away altogether, and that lessees for a term of years will be given effective security of tenure, conditioned only by the paramount necessity of seeing that the land is put to its highest use, and that schemes of reconstruction, desirable in the public interest, whether they be undertaken by the landlord or the municipality, will not be prevented or checked. This involves, of course, the right to apply to the Land Commissioners for the fixing of a fair rent, and the transfer from the landlord to that tribunal of the power of saying the last word as to what buildings the lessee may put upon the land, and what trades are to be carried on in them.

On the question of the unrating of improvements, the Chancellor propounded no scheme. But his amusing though perfectly fair description of the existing system of assessment, which puts a premium on sterility and sloth, while penalizing enterprise and improvement, shows that he fully realizes that it can no longer be defended, and that some way must be found to favor economic tendencies which will work in harmony and not in conflict with the forces making for better building and the fuller utilization of valuable sites. It is clear, at any rate, that the burden of the rates, which has doubled in the towns of England during the present generation, and which now in many places offers an insurmountable barrier to the carrying out of any considerable scheme of civic betterment, is to be relieved by larger contributions towards the cost of at least one great national service—that of education. It is difficult to exaggerate the satisfaction with which this announcement will be received by enlightened municipal administrators throughout the country. An additional Exchequer grant, conditional though it should and must be upon the efficient performance of every statutory duty now or hereafter imposed on the local authority, will

liberate progressive forces which have long been pent up. Unfulfilled duties will be adequately performed, and new tasks, with which it would be hopeless under present conditions to attempt to grapple, will then be undertaken.

Mr. Lloyd George's references to the Housing Question showed that he fully recognizes how vast and complicated the problem is. But it is clear that the Government mean to attack it from many sides. There is to be a general survey of housing in the towns as well as in the country, and this will not only compile and register with scientific exactitude the structural and sanitary state of every dwelling, but will specify whether it is sufficiently provided with light and air, and whether there are adequate open spaces within a reasonable distance from it. The number of houses to the acre is to be restricted, and the sweating of the land, the crowding of unlovely aggregations of houses on to it, is to be stopped. The provision of transit for town-workers into the surrounding country, where they can have air and gardens about their dwellings, is to be organized and encouraged. It is difficult to characterize too strongly the way in which the efforts of great cities like London and Manchester to solve this problem for themselves have been checked and thwarted by conspiracies of private interests, by the distrust of the legislature, and by the conservatism of the judiciary. Towns are now to be freed from fetters of this kind, and are to be enabled to carry out suburban housing schemes by purchasing large areas of land, not merely for their present but also for their future requirements.

The housing difficulty in towns as in the country is recognized to be due in large measure to the fact that a considerable proportion of our urban population is unable, owing to the smallness of its earnings or the intermittent nature of its employment, to pay for a house in which a human being can live a decent life. Casual labor is to be dealt with, partly through the effect of the rural policy in restoring the worker to the land, and partly, as we gather, by some scheme for the better organization of employment. Low wages are to be dealt with under the Trade Boards Act, which will, we hope, be made effective over the whole field of regular industry. That cannot be done merely by improving its machinery. It should be a statutory instruction to Wages Boards that the minimum wage shall, immediately or within a short and defined period, be fixed at a sum which will enable the worker and his family to live in full physical efficiency, and to pay a commercial rent for decent housing accommodation. This right has been promised to the agricultural laborer. The town-worker cannot with any consistency be denied it.

If some of these proposals appear to go beyond what is usually understood by the land problem, they will be seen, upon closer examination, to have a very intimate relation to it. What was said at the National Liberal Club on Tuesday night, showed how deeply those who have closely investigated the problems of town life have been impressed by the conviction that the bad conditions of housing, and the many other evils that afflict our towns, are very largely due to the practically unchecked and uncontrolled rights of the owners of land, great and small, to pursue their private ends without regard to

the public welfare. The unhealthiness of many of our towns, their ugliness, their want of any intelligible plan, the misuse of sites, the cramping of development, are due more than anything else to the absence of any sufficient controlling authority which can co-ordinate individual efforts at improvement and subordinate the play of conflicting individual interests to the wider interests of the community as a whole.

It is only by bringing vigorously to bear on the problem of urban reconstruction the collective powers of the Commonwealth—both of the State and of the Municipality—that we can secure the effective co-operation of all the factors necessary to solve it. And those powers must not be exercised merely by way of regulation. Such considerations as the shape of the site, its insufficiency in size for full development without the acquisition of adjoining property, the existence over it of easements for the benefit of adjoining buildings, its situation with regard to roads—these and a score of other causes often make it impossible for its owner, with the best will in the world, to put it to its fittest use. The conclusion is irresistible. We shall have to trust our local authorities with wider powers of acquiring the ownership of considerable areas outside their towns as well as inside them. This power the Government is prepared to give. But in order that it may be effective, and in order that land may be acquired at less ruinous rates than at present for the great prime public necessities of city life, housing, water, lighting, public buildings, recreation grounds, and transit, we must scrap the outworn and clumsy machinery of the Land Clauses Acts, devised by a Parliament in which landlords were supreme, under which land required by a municipality has to be bought at twice or three times its real value, and under which all the ingenuity of great professions is brought to the parasitic task of promoting at the public cost the plunder of the public purse. The instances of high prices paid for land required by public authorities, quoted by Mr. Lloyd George at Middlesbrough from the interim reports of the Land Inquiry Committee, were typical of many others known to all who are engaged in municipal administration. And members and officials of local authorities, without distinction of party, will receive with enthusiasm his announcement that these abuses are to be rendered impossible in the future by enabling public authorities to buy land at a real value to be ascertained speedily and inexpensively by competent and independent Commissioners.

Finally, we note with satisfaction the Chancellor's tribute to the way in which our urban municipalities have, on the whole, performed their duties. It is evident that while they are to be aided in their tasks by the skilled assistance of the State, and while the Central Authority is, in the future, to be a stimulating and guiding as well as a controlling and restraining force, it is no part of the Government's policy to supersede or humiliate them. The intricate problems of town life will have to be solved in the main by the energy of civic patriotism, building on the old foundations of local government, but freed from the fetters of monopoly and the chains of private

interest. And it is therefore well that the great scheme of social reconstruction which Mr. Lloyd George has carried through the Cabinet, and which he is now expounding with indomitable vigor to the country, is conceived on lines that will hearten and not discourage those who are devoting themselves to the beneficent though often thankless task of local administration.

THE LINES OF "HUMANITARIAN" POLICY.

THE Guildhall speech has robbed the Mexican crisis of what was for us its most anxious possibility. It is clear that our Foreign Office realizes that no stake and no interest which British capitalists may have in Mexico is worth an estrangement with the United States. Mr. Asquith's declaration means, we take it, that American policy need fear no active or covert opposition from this country, and the American Press has already accepted with candor and good feeling his explanation of the unlucky incidents in the past which lent themselves to misinterpretation. Our relations with the United States will not suffer from a policy of severe neutrality, but we could wish that something more were possible. The one evil which all civilized men must chiefly wish to avoid is a drifting of events, which may ultimately lead the United States into war. We are slow to believe that a President whose habit of mind is so manifestly humane and self-restrained as Dr. Wilson's will easily allow himself to be manoeuvred into war. But it needs some patience for a Great Power to allow itself to be "defied" by a disreputable military adventurer at the head of half the forces of a third-class State on its borders. There are eager interests which would profit from war, and it is fatally easy to cloak such an intervention as this in pseudo-liberal formulæ. The best to hope for would be that the moral pressure exerted by the States, backed by the refusal of other Powers to finance General Huerta, may render his resignation inevitable by the bankruptcy of his treasury, the success of the insurgents, or by both causes combined. The chances of such a solution would be immensely enhanced if our Government were to join with France in lending moral support to American policy. Huerta might well yield to the united wish of the civilized world, whereas he may feel that patriotism would approve his resistance to the demands of a single neighbor. It is one thing to bow before a species of Concert, and quite another to admit a sort of American Protectorate. The further our diplomacy is able to go in associating itself with the American objection to this bloody and self-seeking usurper, the less likely is it that war will be the outcome. We hold, moreover, a general conviction that where any pressure is exerted for humanitarian ends, whether by advice or boycott or force of arms, it is infinitely preferable that it should be exerted not by one Power but by all. The obvious objection that the Monroe Doctrine stands in the way of any formal "Concert" on the American Continent is inapplicable in this instance, since Washington clearly invites and welcomes European backing.

This Mexican crisis raises in a difficult shape the perennial debate how far diplomacy is justified in includ-

ing "humanitarian ends" among its purposes, and how far it may go in "intervening" by one method or another in the internal affairs of disturbed or backward States. The differences between us on this question are, fortunately, not absolute. Sir Edward Grey, who usually maintains the negative view, mentioned in his speech at Newcastle last week "the using of the humanitarian influence of this country to promote humanitarian objects in the world" as the "fourth great branch" of a British foreign policy. There was a general agreement that Lord Lansdowne did well to boycott King Peter of Servia after the murder of his predecessor—a precedent which seems exactly to fit the Mexican case. There were differences of opinion about the mode and method and degree of our intervention in the Congo and in Turkey, but rarely about the general principle. Sir Edward Grey would probably cite his own recent action towards keeping the peace among the Great Powers of Europe during the Balkan crisis as an even larger service towards humanitarian ends.

It is hard to lay down general principles where so much depends on opportunity, on the magnitude of the evil to be redressed, on the degree of unanimity in civilized opinion, and on the amount of risk which "intervention" (in the broad sense of the word) involves. It is, on the one hand, a truth which cannot be too often emphasized, that the promotion of good government and liberty in every part of the world is a universal, and, above all, a British interest. It is, on the other hand, no less true that any meddling which rouses national sentiment against the cause of reform must do more harm than good. Like the farmer's lad whom Don Quixote rescued from a beating, the victim whose cause a foreign country espouses is often flogged all the more soundly when the knight-errant's back is turned. For our part, we confess to an utter scepticism of any form of intervention which requires military action on a scale approaching a war of conquest. There may sometimes be a good case for a blockade or a naval demonstration, for action of this kind rouses no lasting passions while it is bloodless. An attempt to shoot the Mexicans into a respect for constitutional government would be, to our thinking, a folly and a crime. No campaign, however swift or scientific, will teach a people the ideals of self-government, which can be won only by a slow experience and the progress of education. The chances are that the whole nation would resist the invader, who would presently find himself mowing down Liberals and Clericals, the corrupt and the idealist, with his impartial machine-guns. The invasion when it was over would leave little behind it save resentment against the conqueror and a determination to arm against him for the future. One cannot demonstrate in favor of constitutional ideals in this way without also demonstrating against national independence and making easier the career of the bully and the predatory financier. The world would suffer incomparably graver intellectual and moral damage from the spectacle of such a war than from the momentary success of a ruffian like General Huerta. We have not been appreciably demoralized in the past by the nearly universal failure of the Latin American Republics to

hold free elections. But a Great Power which undertook such a war as this would make a precedent that all the Imperialisms in the world would hasten to adopt.

In what way is it legitimate for the solidarity of nations to find expression when a clear case for "humanitarian" action does present itself? There are, in the first place, negative methods which at least are safe, bloodless, and incapable of exploitation by the financier. The boycott of King Peter was one instance. We have argued against those too intimate courtesies towards the Tsar of Russia, which seemed to show an indifference towards the infamies of his Government. Public opinion is more than ever the greatest force in the world. It is not enough that we should write and speak our minds when gross oppression is going on in the world. In their social and ceremonial actions, nations must be prepared to back their opinions. There ought to be some difference in our public bearing towards a President of France, for example, and a Tsar of Russia. Much would be gained by merely avoiding such acts as the bestowal of the Garter on Porfirio Diaz, who was a despot as ruthless as Huerta, if more successful. But the really hopeful field for the exercise of "humanitarian" pressure is undoubtedly to be sought in international finance. France could have prevented the second Balkan War if she had refused to fill the war-chests of the belligerents. France and Great Britain could have saved the Russian Constitution if they had delayed the hundred-million loan until the first Duma had sanctioned it—on terms.

There is some hope that this form of pressure will be used to extort Armenian reforms from Turkey. It ought to be used and could be used with effect to secure some guarantees of freedom from the Balkan conquerors in Macedonia. It is used every day in the Near and the Far East to back purely national ends and to foster national trade. The time is more than ripe for thinking out some machinery by which the British capital which flows in ever-increasing streams to the ends of the earth should be subjected to some form of control for political, if not for moral, ends. We cannot afford, to take this special instance, to risk a quarrel with the United States because a British financier, relying on the protection of our diplomacy, may choose to speculate by lending money to Huerta. For most practical purposes, however, we believe that our financiers are normally so dependent on our Foreign Office that we can employ this form of pressure as easily as do the French. Adroitly and consciously used it would enable the civilized world to promote "humanitarian ends" without the crime of war or the mischiefs of any dramatic and violent intervention.

A REVOLUTION IN EDUCATION.

THE democratic movement of the last ten years has inspired many different enterprises and drawn its fire from many different sources. Of these, some are clear and visible; others, while profound and far-reaching in their spirit and their aims, are a good deal less conspicuous. Perhaps, in the long run, it will turn out that the most important of the contributions of democratic ideas to social progress has been the creation of a new ideal of education. The origin of this revolution was a

modest and unostentatious association of far-sighted men. Party and denomination, the two great advertising powers in the history of English education, had nothing to do with it. There was no Cavendish Association or similar organization for interesting one class in the life of another. A few scholars, a few trade unionists, and a few men who can perhaps best be described as devout citizens, gave life and shape to this powerful and interesting impulse. The different influences were well represented in a Conference held at Oxford in August, 1907. The citizens were represented by the Chairman, Bishop Gore, the scholars by Mr. Sidney Ball, and the demands of the working-class movements by Mr. Nield, the President of the North-Western Co-operative Educational Committee's Association, and Mr. J. M. Mactavish, a dock-yard worker at Portsmouth.

One of the most pathetic documents in the Home Office is a confiscated copybook sent up by a busy magistrate in the days when the Government was trying to suppress all working-class associations, in which an heroic secretary of a little reform society had been practising his elementary powers of writing and spelling. There has always been a desire for education among the Lancashire operatives, partly as a means to the effective organization of working-class resources, the mastery of the problems that concern their daily lives and fortunes. When Cooke Taylor explored the distressed Lancashire districts in 1842, he was immensely struck by the hard and clear thinking of the Lancashire spinners and weavers. With sparing and grudging hand, facilities for education were slowly dealt out, the quarrels of religion sometimes stimulating but generally obstructing the work of civilization. But the ruling idea of those who looked beyond this was that the working-class world should be given access to higher education by means of a ladder, so that the child of an artisan or a poorly-paid clerk might, given certain conditions and advantages, make his way to the University, and out at the other end into the professional class. This, of course, is an important end in itself. The present Bishop of Oxford has well summed up the true function of a university as a place of serious study for all who can take advantage of it. It should represent the pick of the intellect of all classes. But this is not enough. There were minds, of course, like Toynbee, that were not satisfied with this a generation ago, and demanded some provision for bringing systematic teaching within the grasp of men and women who were workers themselves, and were going to remain workers. The University extension movement, though of value in initiating a wider view of the scope and duties of Universities, regarded as an organization for giving effect to this policy, was, in the main, a failure. It is this policy that is now being carried out in Ruskin College, and the hundred and more classes that are being held all over the country, in connection with the various universities.

How far have the principles that the founders of this movement set before them been realized in practice? Mr. Albert Mansbridge, the Secretary of the Workers' Educational Association, and the heart and soul of the movement, has written a most interesting account of its history ("University Tutorial Classes," by Albert

Mansbridge. Longmans), and his book is very encouraging reading. Perhaps the most satisfactory symptom of the spirit of the worker students is the indifference to diplomas and certificates. The University authorities at Oxford devised a Testamur, and then found that there was no demand for it and decided not to issue it. Men and women who do their learning in this spirit are not likely to regard these classes in the way in which undergraduates often regard their Lecturer. "A Professor of Economics was taking a class in the Midlands, missed his train, and discovered that he would arrive at the class an hour late. He wired for instructions. The answer was: 'Come on; we will wait.' When he reached the class he found that all the students were present. He reflected on the fact that his class of Cambridge undergraduates would have dissolved if he had been fifteen minutes late." At a class at Colne in Lancashire, during a snowstorm so violent that no train could run, a tutor turned up to find twenty-three out of thirty students present, and, among them, all six of the women students. Women are among the most eager and industrious of the worker-students. In some cases men on small wages have actually paid substitutes to do their overtime for them in the works in order to attend their tutorial class. The students do not attend a class for the look of the thing, or as a diversion; they settle down to a course of hard study for three years. The favorite subjects of study are naturally History (especially Economic and Industrial History), and Political Economy, but there are classes studying English Literature and Natural Science. The character of the work done and of the teaching given has been highly spoken of by Mr. Headlam and Professor Hobhouse, who inspected the classes for the Board of Education, and Mr. A. L. Smith reported that 25 per cent. of the essays examined by him were equal to the work done by students who gained First Classes in History at Oxford. The work is keen, and it is enjoyed by teachers and taught. No teaching in England is done in a more exhilarating atmosphere, and it often happens that the teacher learns from the actual experiences of his pupils. And the movement is no longer confined to the towns, for there are village classes with an average attendance of thirty students. These classes are undertaken in most cases by worker-students from larger centres, among the teachers being a chimney-sweep and a blind pedlar. "The education of working-people on lines devised by themselves has now spread through the whole of the North Staffordshire district." There are twenty-one of these classes in the districts, and each of them represents a rare effort of devotion, for the teachers are working men and women whose daily work is exhausting enough, and they travel long distances, neither receiving nor desiring remuneration, in order to give other working people the benefit of the knowledge and training they have received in the tutorial classes. This project was originally the suggestion of a woman student, and the competent and thorough way in which the teaching is given has impressed inspectors of the Board of Education who have visited the classes. Mr. Mansbridge's account of the sacrifices and the devotion by which this movement has been developed reads like a romance.

Of course there are difficulties and problems ahead, and these are discussed in Mr. Mansbridge's book. A great deal has been done, on very little money, and more money will be needed in future. The money comes from the Universities, from the local Education Authorities, the Board of Education, the Gilchrist Trustees, and the Workers' Educational Association. Many of the tutors are sadly underpaid, more money is wanted for books, and class study is seriously disturbed by overtime and the shift system. But the movement has succeeded so completely in demonstrating at once the demand for systematic higher education and the capacity of worker students to profit by it, that its future, so far as that future depends on support or encouragement, cannot be in any doubt. A more serious danger would be the loss of the spirit that has guided its earlier stages with success and popularity; but this danger will not arise so long as the working men and women are careful to keep their hold on the organization. Meanwhile it is difficult to measure the full consequences of this great democratic experiment. Mr. Headlam and Professor Hobhouse pointed out that these classes teach no mere exotic of culture, and that their effects are likely to be permanent and to spread from the actual members of the class to those who come in contact with them. The worker students will be found wherever the public need calls for enthusiasm, public spirit, a range of ideas, and a judgment trained by the discipline of sustained study and the examination of some part of the experience of the human mind.

A London Diary.

I AM told that the connection—financial as well as political—between the Ulster movement and the Tory headquarters is closer than is commonly supposed. Neither party, in a word, is as free of the other as it would like the public to believe.

It is an immense relief to find that the Cabinet are awake to the noise of the storm which is beating at their doors. Wherever one has gone, one has heard the same exasperated inquiries—why the insensate prosecution of Mr. Larkin was ever permitted, what Mr. Birrell was doing to give the Castle its head, whether his colleagues had read Sergeant Moriarty's speech, and the "Freeman's" appalling report of the trial, why the breach with trade unionism was opened at the moment when the Government seemed to have taken definitely the turn to democracy, why, above all, this war on free speech was resumed after the Cabinet's experience of the odium of the first passages in it. Here was Liberalism on the point of losing its enthusiasts, without whom a Liberal election can never be won, giving the Labor independents a hero and a standard to rally by, and cynics tongue for their jibe that all office-bearers are alike.

WHAT has been the specific cause of these aberrations? That all Liberals do not care for liberty may be true enough. But it is the *incuria* of the Cabinet which is really its besetting fault. It commands great talents;

it has still the ear of the country; it is alert and competent on the administrative ground; it has achieved a great deal of good work. But it is getting overdone. Policies are allowed to drift on a slack rope until the vessel is on the very marge of the whirlpool, and then a belated tug is applied to it. Hints, warnings, remonstrances, are unheeded; and the counsels of friends treated as the mutterings of schism. The Government are, of course, over-worked, and in arrears with their business; departments get out of hand, and the Prime Minister, with his gift for a *coup d'œil* over a great tract of country, is not always able to pull them together again. Is there also indifference to the essentials of democracy, to the things which to the old Liberals (on whose social policy the Government has made so great an advance) were as the ark of the covenant? One hopes not.

On this point a Scottish Liberal Member writes me:—"Larkin figured prominently in all the meetings I attended. Last night at Stirling I had to promise them I would write to Birrell, and as I left Stirling this morning a group of bricklayers shouted from a scaffolding, 'Mind (remember) Larrarkin, now.'"

THERE, for example, is the case of Mr. Churchill. Here is an attractive, amiable, highly talented man, with the makings of a great career as administrator, statesman, orator, received with open arms into the Liberal fold, and developing at least a surprising literary faculty for Liberalism. Mr. Churchill knows his new party's feeling about armaments—it has been conveyed to him amply enough—and he must have realized it when a speech deliberately whipping up the old German antagonism fell almost in silence on the ears even of a City audience. But the policy goes on without stay or apology, swollen with new meaningless boasts of an Empire of the air to be added to Britannia's rulership of the seas, while the growth of naval estimates is proclaimed—surely a gross breach of etiquette—before the Cabinet can have finally sanctioned them. "I ask myself, has he common sense?" said the aged Gladstone of Lord Rosebery. Has Mr. Churchill the sense of measure and proportion? And if this is lacking, what is to be the final value of all his other engaging and commanding qualities?

DESPITE much incendiary talk about Ulster on Tory platforms, the ranters seem to find it hard to get rid of their habit—at any rate on other questions—of thinking in constitutional terms. An instructive bit of dialogue (sent to me by a correspondent in illustration of what appears to have been almost a hand-to-hand encounter between the Unionist candidate for South Lanarkshire and some of his constituents) shows the kind of thing. To begin with, a reference by the candidate to Mr. Larkin was greeted with cordial cries of "Good old Jim!" and shouts of "Down with Carson!" Next, with the usual tragic air, the orator proceeded to warn his hearers of "the dangers of civil war." One gathers that this particular audience must have been positively steeped in Larkinism, for somebody at once broke in with an enthusiastic cry of "Hear, hear!" and "I hope

so," drawing from the horrified Mr. Watson a naïve and hasty rebuke of the men who were "not ashamed to say such things." And, undoubtedly, it must be a little embarrassing to have to reap your crop with one hand, almost before you have done sowing it with the other.

I WAS interested to hear a Liberal county member describe the impressions of his first visit to his constituents since the proclamation of the Land programme. On the whole, he seemed satisfied that the ferment was at work, though it was clear that as yet the lump was very far from being leavened. The laborers were the most concerned; first, about the chance of a higher wage, secondly, about a better supply of cottages (though the County Council had done pretty well, and had built under compulsory powers). The farmers were in a state of balance. They were by no means fixed to an "anti" line, and were rather inclined (though game was not a grievance) to wait and see what the new balance of powers promised them. But the Tory candidate had already taken sides. He was violently opposed, as, indeed, in view of his relations with the local landlords, he was bound to be.

SIR RICHARD SOLOMON'S death is grievous news to those who saw him a few short weeks ago, smiling and full of the charm which conquered so many hearts here and in South Africa. Both countries were happy in the choice of the first High Commissioner for the Union. A great politician Solomon was not; for whether it was through a too sympathetic and impressionable intelligence, or (as his few critics asserted) from a mere lawyer's opportunism, he wavered to and fro in the fierce battle of principles and parties of a dozen years ago, and now and then changed ground. I saw him first in 1905, when the great movement for responsible government, of which his brother Edward was a standard-bearer, was gathering way, and remember trying to convince him, not with entire success, that the Liberals were bound for a sweeping victory at the coming polls. He was then veering away from Milnerism on to a belief in a larger political conception. But from the moment he took up his post in London, he became an invaluable agent in the work of union and self-government, which indeed well accorded with his natural sweetness of temper and openness of mind. And let it always be remembered to his honor that he was one of the best friends the Kaffirs and the colored peoples of South Africa ever had.

TRAVELLERS coming from Armenia are not a little puzzled. They report nothing like general outrages, but a good many killings and acts of brigandage by the Kurds, and as their result, and as a sequel of the war, a large and continuous exodus of the Armenian people into Russian territory. It is now Russia's continual care to foster the notion of Russian motherliness, not the least curious sign of which was the translation into Russian in 1910, by the wife of a high functionary at Tiflis, of Mr. Lynch's famous book on Armenia, including its many reflections

on the now abandoned Lobanoff policy. But Russia has a rival in Germany, which has placed consuls at Van and Erzeroum, and these gentlemen do not a little to countervail the active Russian propaganda. Our own retirement from this curious competition in patronage seems to be complete. Our consuls are gone; our *désintéressement* is almost proclaimed.

I VERY willingly bespeak my readers' sympathy for the Duchess of Marlborough's Conference at Sunderland House on Monday on sweated workers, and how to bring them into touch with the Trade Boards. Few of us, I think, realize what an unexampled success the Trade Boards Act has been. One is constantly hearing of cases in which wages have been doubled under it, or even raised from 1d. to 3d. an hour. The new order, which comes into force next year, brings 150,000 fresh workers under its sway, and a great effort is being made to get them to understand what the law is able to do for them. Miss Tuckwell's society sends out organizers all over the country to explain what this new protective scheme means, and to get the people to elect representatives to the Board. But Miss Tuckwell tells me that their funds and helpers are practically exhausted, and they want fresh supplies of both for work under the new Boards. All this and much more can be learned at the Duchess of Marlborough's meeting.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE GREATNESS OF ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

THE sudden passing away of a great man often lets loose a flood of sentimental or dramatic appreciation which obscures for a time the real significance of his life. This has been the case with Alfred Russel Wallace. The numerous obituary notices would have us believe that his fame was founded and will rest upon his discovery, coincident with that of Charles Darwin, of the origin of species by natural selection. The marvel of these two minds, working entirely independently, but led by the same clue, Malthus's "Principles of Population," to the same novel and audacious conclusion, was indeed well calculated to impress the unreflective mind. The pleasant and creditable story of the joint-publication of their discovery to the Linnean Society in 1858, and of the cordial relations existing between the "rivals," gave the glow of generous feeling required to touch the imagination. But to most people Wallace had never been more than a figure of vague importance, a great naturalist, who, since Darwin's death, had become the representative sage in this department of learning. In point of fact, there was nothing marvellous about the coincidence of the discovery. In the first place, it was not coincident, for though Wallace, brooding over the problem of the origin of species for over ten years, seems to have had a sudden access of illumination in 1858, Darwin had reached the conclusion some years before. The publication was indeed coincident, but it was a designed coincidence.

But even had the discovery itself been simultaneous, it would deserve no wonder. For, as Samuel Butler has clearly shown, Buffon, Lamarck, and Erasmus Darwin had between them gone far towards an exposition of the

same theory unmarred by the factor of fortuitous variation, which Charles Darwin introduced; and many minds, besides those of Darwin and Wallace, were in revolt against the prevailing doctrine of cataclysmic changes, and were fumbling for the same escape. What Darwin and Wallace really did was not so much to invent a theory of evolution by natural selection, as to furnish and marshal the large and varied evidence necessary to establish it in the world of science, and to exhibit its far-reaching consequences in the life of thought. In this work Wallace was an able though an independent lieutenant. But his true service to his age was in furnishing a stout barrier to the torrent of quasi-scientific rationalism which, drawing over-freely from the new evolutionary teaching, threatened to submerge all the landmarks, not merely of dogmatic religion, but of morality and humanitarianism. For the "Origin of Species," when it had fought its way into the fortress of scientific orthodoxy, seemed likely to prove a far more subversive agency than any of the earlier forces of religious or philosophic scepticism. By definitely placing man as a specimen in natural history, body and soul, emerging by slow, continuous growth from brute creation, and by bringing biology under the same general reign of law as geology, astronomy, and the other physical sciences, it seemed destined to cancel all those higher spiritual values which formerly separated man from Nature.

Moreover, the central rôle assigned to the struggle for existence in the process of evolution towards higher types appeared to conflict violently with the humaner sentiments and policies which were slowly gaining ground in civilized communities for the protection of the weak and ignorant, and for ending the barbarities of competition between individuals and nations. For, if the ascent of man and his dominion over the rest of Nature, his environment, was compassed in no other way than by an unceasing struggle in which, seizing the happy chance of favorable variations, fitter organisms thrive and propagated their kind by out-competing less fit ones, any attempt out of pity or kindness to repress the struggle, or even to mitigate its severity, would either be a futile folly or a "sin" against the law of human progress. Poverty and its attendant starvation, war and its attendant slaughter, were painful but necessary instruments in the biological struggle for fitter organisms and a higher complexity of life! Nor was that all. Religion, art, politics, and the intellectual activities, must, in the last resort, derive any validity that they possessed from their contributions to "survival value" as psychical adjuncts to the struggle. Though biologists were slow to press these spiritual implications, and political thinkers shrank from giving full utterance to them, they none the less began to undermine the confidence with which humanitarian reformers carried on their labors for the protection of the weaker members of society and the weaker races. Even those who realized the importance of repressing the cruder and more brutal struggle between members of the same race or nation began to evolve a doctrine of social or racial efficiency which left them free to approve war and collective exploitation for the subjugation, or even the extermination, of backward or inferior races. The logic of Imperialism is still built upon this basis, avowed or implicit.

Now, the importance of Alfred Russel Wallace is that from the very outset he revolted against these extensions of the biological doctrine. He refused to hand over to Nature, "red in tooth and claw," the creation and control of man as an intellectual and moral being. Like Huxley, when confronted with the havoc which the new biology threatened to bring into the realm of human conduct, he sought an escape through the dualism of body and spirit. In the ethical and higher intellectual life of man, the physical laws of struggle and survival were superseded. How Huxley, with his keen logical sense, achieved what seems a plain breach of continuity in evolution, always remained unintelligible. But Wallace's escape from the intolerable grip of biology is more easily understood. From the first, there evidently arose in his mind a difficulty in believing

that the higher qualities and capacities of man were mere extensions of characteristics of his animal ancestry evolved for physical survival. He soon came to hold, as he expressed it, that "certain definite portions of man's intellectual and moral nature could not have been developed by variation and natural selection alone, and that, therefore, some other influence, law, or agency, is required to account for them." A spiritual nature was engrafted upon man at some point in his natural evolution. Wallace was led to conceive the possibility and then the actuality of such a process by what appeared to him the convincing, independent testimony of spiritualism. There he found outside of Nature a world of psychical powers competent to intervene in and to direct the affairs of man. The laws of this spiritual direction could utilize, modify, or abrogate and override the physical laws of evolution for their proper purposes. In his earlier exposition of this creed, Wallace appears to have conceived this spiritual intervention as confined to man. Indeed, throughout his life, man is not merely the crowning achievement of Nature, but the purpose for which Nature exists.

This anthropocentric doctrine he came to hold ever more passionately as age advanced. It affords, indeed, a curious example of the power of a strong emotion to subdue a powerful intellect to its purposes. To satisfy this craving he entered in his later years the alien kingdom of astronomy, seeking to establish the conclusion that ours was the only world in which human life was possible, and that the entire cosmos found its only meaning in its contribution to the service of man. It was, of course, this same intense sympathy with humanity which inspired the social politics to which he devoted himself with so much ardor. Herbert Spencer and Henry George made of him a land nationalizer; Edward Bellamy converted him to Socialism. Socialists themselves are usually contemptuous of "Looking Backwards," and it seems strange to them that a quiet man of science should have been stirred so deeply by the most elaborately artificial of Utopias. But, in truth, it was not the constructive features, but the powerful revelation of the inhumanity of the current industrial order that came home to the heart of Wallace as of so many other ordinary men and women. For Wallace was not even in theory an intellectualist, he was not swayed by logic, and he knew it. When, therefore, he saw the evolutionary doctrine which he assisted to create turning into a monster that would devour all his cherished desires and aspirations for humanity, he clapped fetters on it. His imaginative sympathies drove him, indeed, to what more sober and less audacious minds call "violent courses." In order to save the soul of man from the clutches of the demon he had helped to evolve, he was perforce driven to Spiritualism and Socialism, both of a somewhat crude and uncompromising form.

There are those who express a naïve wonder that so great a thinker could fall into such foolishness. But great thinkers enjoy no such immunity as is suggested. It is probably the case that most great scientists contain among their stock of ideas and judgments heterodoxies and credulities quite as violent and quite as inconsistent with their scientific principles as those of Wallace. But they have not the same courage and the same public spirit to compel their revelation. One of the signal qualities of Wallace's greatness was his unconcern for taunts of inconsistency or credulity. If he thought he had got a truth that contributed to human welfare, he told it with all the force with which he felt it. Whether it fitted in precisely with other truths and so helped to make a neat logical system did not concern him. He was not primarily a logician or a system-monger, but a devotee of truth and humanity. Most of his truths he was willing to hang on two or more separate strings. In his last years he seems more and more, however, to have approached a Theism, the spiritual power and meaning of which he came to extend more and more widely over the realm of Nature and which gave a clearer unity to his outlook. This position is summarized in a very interesting letter quoted by Mr. Marchant in the little biographical sketch appended to his latest book, "The Revolt of Democracy." "The whole cumulative argu-

ment in my 'World of Life' is that it calls for the agency of a mind or minds so enormously above and beyond our human minds, as to compel us to look upon it, or them, as 'God or Gods,' and so-called 'Laws of Nature' as the action by will-power or otherwise of such super-human or infinite beings. 'Laws of Nature,' apart from the existence and agency of some such Being or Beings, are mere words that explain nothing—are, in fact, unthinkable. That is my position. Whether this 'Unknown Reality' is a single Being, and acts everywhere in the universe as direct creator, organizer, and director of every minutest motive in the whole of our Universe, and of all possible Universes, or whether it acts through variously conditioned modes, as Herbert Spencer suggested, or through 'infinite grades of beings' as I suggest, comes to much the same thing."

Here, of course, we have something very different from the abrupt doctrine of the earlier position, a Universal Mind informing and directing, not merely the higher operations of humanity, but the entire course of Nature. The conviction that some such power or purpose is demanded alike by logic and by morality to give consistency to the evolutionary process is evidently gaining an ever stronger hold upon thinkers of our time. They differ as to how far such Power or Purpose is fitly expressed in terms of Personality. But the sense of its presence is more and more widely diffused.

THE PERPETUAL MIRACLE.

How delightful it must have been to belong to the well-to-do classes in the early or middle decades of last century! There was nothing then to plague the conscience in comfortable circumstances or to work painfully upon the bowels of compassion. There were you, safe and sound, raised by Providence above the indistinguishable gulf where the lower classes lay. Enriched by the natural rewards of inheritance, honest industry or successful speculation, you could regard with benign complacency the lot of your poorer brethren not so abundantly blessed with this world's goods. Slightly varying the lines so familiar to Early Victorian childhood, you could instruct your children, morning and evening, to join in singing to the harmonium:—

"I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in this Christian place,
A wealthy parent's child."

The poor were the pre-ordained instruments for the creation of commercial prosperity, happy if they remained content in that state of life unto which they had been called. Or if they suffered in their poverty, their suffering arose from a wilful self-abandonment to drink, extravagance, or the other vicious proclivities to which the ignorant and unconverted were so unfortunately prone.

Lamentable is the change from those bland and gracious times! Few now believe that substantial wealth varies directly with virtuous behavior, or that the most lucrative investment can be attributed to the direct dispensation of heaven. As to the lower classes, one seldom now hears a benevolent voice preaching to them the beatitude of contentment. Only now and then, on some mouldering committee of philanthropists engaged in organizing other people's lives, does any human being dare to attribute the misery of the poor to their vices. Within thirty years, the situation has terribly altered, and each year only hastens the impetus of the revolution. There seems no satisfying our poorer brethren in these degenerate days; and, indeed, their attitude towards the benefactors above them is hardly so fraternal as could be wished. But the queerest change of all is that the benefactors themselves are becoming a little uneasy, and even a little apologetic. Self-congratulation has subdued its blare, and sometimes sounds a nervous and uncertain note, almost as of shame. The apology and the shame come from one very simple and obvious fact. While they are somehow getting various sums from £20 to £2,000 a week to live on, something between a quarter and a half of their grown-up fellow-countrymen, and hundreds of

thousands of their grown-up countrywomen besides, are keeping their families on less than 25s. a week.

"How the Poor Live" was once a popular appeal to pity, and "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" afforded a pleasing diversion in the charms of elegant conversation. But the method is different now, and so is the appeal. If anyone wants to know how the poor live to-day, he will find it in Mrs. Pember Reeves's little book, called "Round About a Pound a Week" (George Bell & Sons). Here there is no sensation, no melodrama, or bitter cry. It is not outcast London that we are shown, but ordinary London, resolutely respectable; not "the Submerged Tenth," but somewhere about the half, struggling day by day for every week of their lives to keep afloat, and just managing to do it till they die. The wonder is, not that they do it badly, but that they do it at all. It is the perpetual miracle of civilized life that, on an average of about £1 a week for the shelter of five or six bodies, and the feeding of five or six mouths, men and women continue to the end, and in most cases preserve a rather rigid virtue, and a decency sometimes aiming at decoration.

Mrs. Reeves shows us the conditions within a limited, but quite typical, district. For about five years some women in a group of the Fabian Society have been trying to test the effect upon babies of better and more regular food supplied to the mothers. As is well known, nearly all babies are born "normal" and healthy, but those who are damned to poverty early begin to lose vitality and to dwindle or degenerate. For the inquiry a district in Lambeth was chosen, merely for practical convenience. Though prices differ considerably, even in the poorest quarters of London, the district serves well enough as typical of ordinary life, especially since the inquiry limited itself to families living on anything between 18s. and 26s. a week, not going lower or higher. The method was the familiar one of becoming acquainted with a large number of families, and gradually learning the details of the weekly expenditure—the "Family Budget," as it used to be called.

It is the women who supply nearly all the information, for they alone manage the whole affair, except when the husband is "handy," and mends the children's boots at night, or when he takes on himself to draw the insurance money for a funeral. As a rule, he has breakfast and goes off to his work, well out of the family struggle, sometimes looks in for dinner, and nearly always returns for his "tea with a relish." Sometimes he hands over all his weekly wages to his wife, but generally he keeps about 2s. for himself, out of which he is expected to pay for his clothes, his fares, his tobacco, and other luxuries. When, if ever, he treats his wife to a picture-palace or other amusement, she pays for the joy out of the housekeeping; but, as Mrs. Reeves says, his own allowance does not leave much margin for drunkenness. "The regular wage in this class is too close a fit to allow of much indulgence. Many of the men were teetotallers, and some did not even smoke." It is always so. Very small knowledge of working people is enough to show that their poverty has hardly any connection with their vice, and the comforting assurance with which some people used to drug their consciences begins rapidly to dissolve.

Of course, the man has to be fed, for if he wasn't fed, he couldn't work. That is the real "Iron Law" of labor. Next to rent, the man's food is the item that can vary least—next to rent and the burial insurance. If the food for the wife and children works out at about 2d. each a day, Mrs. Reeves estimates that the man's food will come to 6d. As one of the children, in making out the Family Budget, wrote at her mother's dictation:—

"Mr. G.'s wages was 19 bob, out of that e took thruppons for es diner which is not much e bein such a arty man."

Rent, burial insurance, and the man's food have to be provided for at a pretty steady level, no matter what happens. Sometimes rent can be shirked or borrowed. It may be borrowed from the regular "lenders" at the rate of 1d. a shilling interest per week, or 433 per cent. per annum; and often the neighbors will advance something rather than let a respectable family go under. But in the end any saving must invariably be forced out of

the other four items over which the woman has to spread the weekly money—coal and light, cleaning materials, clothing, and food for herself and children. For choice, she will scrape it off coal, soap, and her own boots and clothes.

Without a touch of melodrama in the book, the picture that it draws would be horrible if it were realized, or if it were not so common. We all vaguely know the dingy little streets in which these lives are lived by thousands of working people. This book recalls to us the torment of the swarming bugs, which nothing will exterminate but the burning of the street; the crowded beds, in which the children learn to turn over all at the same moment in their sleep, like a squad at drill; the parents' bed, with the baby and ex-baby tucked into it for warmth, in defiance of all the "Children's Charters" that benevolent University gentlemen in Westminster may concoct; the hasty meals, eaten standing and without plates; the baby set to the family diet as soon as it is weaned, because milk is a luxury beyond the dreams of poverty, and all must share as best they can in the "bread and marge," weak tea, potato with gravy, and the Sunday "stoo," or "pieces." Then there is the perpetual washing up, cleaning, and scrubbing; the daily wash for the baby, the weekly wash for self and children; the marketing at cheapest times and places, the cooking, the making of clothes, the purchase of the family flannelette, so warm and cheap and useful, no matter what the kind gentlemen at Westminster may say about its "inflammable qualities." Even Mrs. Reeves, so restrained and scientific in her sympathy, bursts out over the nonsense of these "man-made laws":—

"A woman with 6d. to spend will buy that stuff rather than let her child go without the dress," she cries. "It is what we should all do in her place. A child must be dressed. Give any London magistrate 6d. a week on which to dress four children; give him a great deal of cooking, scrubbing, and housework to do; put a flannelette shop round the corner; in exactly four weeks each of those children would be clothed in flannelette."

And yet, only a few years ago, while well-meaning gentlemen were discussing flannelette, banana-box cradles, and similar subjects in the House of Commons, a married woman happened to enter the assembly, and instead of gratefully offering her the Speaker's chair, they drove her out with ignominy, and editors talked about the insult perpetrated upon the dignity of the House. No wonder that Mrs. Reeves complains in face of our Parliamentary absurdities:—

"Instead of co-operating with parents and seeing to it that its wards are supplied with primary necessities, this masculine State, representing only male voters, and, until lately, chiefly those of the richer classes, has been crude and unwise in its relations with all parents guilty of the crime of poverty."

It is rather disheartening to find that, while she recognizes the extreme stupidity of the State in dealing with all these vital matters of the home, Mrs. Reeves heads her last chapter "The State as Guardian," and advocates the appointment of "Public Guardians" by the State to act in consort with the parents of every child. So far, the poor have no very pleasing associations either with the word State or the word Guardian, and, as the State is at present constituted, one fears these Public Guardians would only act as an additional plague imposed upon the working-woman. Of course, the constitution of the State may be rapidly changed; but, in the meantime, what is obviously wanted is not more interference, but less poverty. Let the working-men and working-women receive their share of the profits of their industry, and the homes will get along well enough without being "fussed." We return, however, to our first point—the marvel that the home founded on a shaky £1 a week gets along at all. Such a home reveals a courage beyond the imagination of foolhardiness. As Mrs. Reeves says, "if the poor were not improvident, they would hardly dare to live their lives at all." For all of them, but especially for the mothers and children, it is a life of repeated and unending struggle against conditions, monotonous—a drudging, half-fed, half-vitalized, unlit by hope and seldom touch with joy. Yet they go on, and the courage of their improvidence is the perpetual miracle.

SPORT WITHOUT MURDER.

WE hear a great deal about sport nowadays, and for the most part it becomes constantly more vulnerable to the arrows of satire. Rabbit-shooting and lion-shooting are very much on a par, since the gunsmith has given us a weapon to smash a lion about as badly as the shot-gun smashes the rabbit. Fox-hunting is, disguise it how you will, the chasing of preserved foxes, blocked out of their earths, by hounds so fleet and clever that if they were not restrained they would very soon exterminate the quarry. One or two days' pheasant-shooting will destroy all the poultry of the year's breeding, and not give, perhaps, so much sport as the hunting of a single wild woodcock with one's own dog and a single-barrelled gun. The essence of sport is or should reside in a proper and exciting proportion between the strength of the hunter's equipment and that of the quarry. In that respect it is the angler that remains best off. He catches salmon on a line that the least inattention or imprudence will break, and he takes small trout on tackle just as near the breaking-point by comparison with the work it has to do. It needs a good deal of skill and patience to get the hook into a fish, and then the latter has a very fair fighting chance of getting away.

If we really wished to make the most of the poor opportunities of sport in our country, we should draw the line somewhere short of a perfectly murderous weapon, as the cricketers regulate the width of the bat and the weight of the ball. An exceedingly interesting weapon at rook-shooting would be the boomerang, and an archery party might be invited for the pheasants. It would be much more exciting and satisfactory to see one's arrow just miss a cock high in the air than to wonder whether he had taken away a shot or two that would make him meat for the fox later on. There is, perhaps, as much to be said against these revivals as in their favor. It is the reading of a fresh account of the lassoing exploits of Mr. Jones and his two colleagues among the great game of Africa that has made us raise the question. The wonderful exploits of these cowboys are briefly told in Mr. Cherry Kearton's new book, "Wild Life Across the World" (Hodder & Stoughton). Mr. Kearton's book is another trophy of that great sport of Nature-photography of which he has long been an exponent. The account of his adventures in all parts of the world is even more interesting than the large series of photographs included in the book. For the story of everyone of these there are half-a-dozen of just as interesting failures.

The sport of wild-photography is one, as the writer can testify, of very great interest. Its great drawback is the enormous time that it demands. Mr. Kearton's solitary picture of a lioness taken by flashlight was the fruit of nights of watching; and many weeks of daylight seeking resulted in no fruit at all, until the cowboys and the Masai rounded up the beasts for the cinematograph. Even the expert in wild-photography can make the elementary mistakes of the amateur, can find when he comes to develop that he has got nothing but sky, or only the feet of the animals he aimed at. Nor can we command the light. We ought to mark some of our pictures, "This is where the nest would have been if the sun had not got in front of the camera." We must put in wild cats that are not very wild, and when we do not get the lion, we must photograph the gaiter in which it bit a hole. Sometimes our plates get mixed in the dark-room, and Mr. Kearton has labelled one "Mason bee," that never was a bee at all. His printer wanted watching, too, for he has given us a woodpecker in the attitude of climbing, but walking along a horizontal pole, also a swarm of bees piled up instead of hanging down. Truly the trials of the Nature photographer are many.

So we take a leaf out of the book of the blood sports, and resort to the drive. It is a very old expedient for quickening events in the hunting field. Our paleolithic ancestors got their horse-flesh by half encircling the wild herd and driving it pell-mell over a precipice, and a king or queen since the days of the bow and arrow scarcely ever goes hunting without a ring of beaters to fetch up the things that have to be killed. And so when Mr. Kearton joined hands with the American cow-

boys in Africa, the sport grew fast and furious. Here was something altogether beyond the experience of the great animals of the Dark Continent. Never was such a revolution in chivalry outside fiction, and in fiction it is only comparable with Mark Twain's invention, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." A rhinoceros is accustomed, and that by no figment of courtesy, to see everybody get very quickly out of the way when he charges. A horseman who swings a long clothes-line round his head is not very different from another horseman, though those in this story were uncommonly audacious in giving themselves to be chased. So it is a little bewildering to find the clothes-line attaching itself to one's neck or leg, and to have to drag the horseman about on it till it breaks. There are three cow-boys, and they keep throwing ropes and re-knotting the broken ones, and hauling them round trees, till after four hours of it one is tied up to a thorn stump and photographed and cinematographed on a furlong of film.

The giraffe is a little better off, because it can outgallop the fastest horse. On the other hand, if it should get lassoed and thrown, it may break its neck, and thus end its days. And the giraffe lassoed by the Jones "outfit" was evidently the most astonished of all the animals met with. To get back the rope from its twenty-foot neck, they tied two legs together, and threw it as we throw a calf in England. The first lasso was taken off, and the second slipped. "The giraffe scrambled to his feet," says Mr. Kearton, "shook himself, then stood perfectly still, watching us until we were out of sight over a rise. I wonder what he thought of it all." He took it with much greater dignity than the lions did. A lioness, annoyed by the usual crowd of humans and a barking dog, lay in the long grass, snarling, and daring the world to come on. When the lasso fell over her head, she brushed it off with a paw, for that tactic any great cat has. And after two or three shots had been thus dealt with, she found it quite easy to take up a position where a lasso could not fall. So in the end Mr. Jones had to poke the noose at her with a stick. "Naturally, she sprang at him, but she also sprang through the noose, which caught round one hind leg." Immediately, she was hanging to a tree head downwards, and fastened with further cords.

The lasso seems to be the right instrument for catching lions, and it is disappointing that its use was not invented in Africa. But many tribes like that of the Masai have elaborated a means of killing the lion that takes its place among the most thrilling forms of sport. Their arm is a throwing spear, nearly six feet in length, with the handle in the middle, and in front of it about two feet of iron blade. The ox-hide shield completes the equipment of each warrior, and the selected team of the tribe goes out literally to beard the lion in his lair, and force him to hand-to-hand battle.

"The three leading men," says Mr. Kearton, "hurled their weapons into the scrub, and at once, in answer to the challenge, the huge beast bounded out. Two of the spears had struck him. At first he made straight for the camera; then something seemed to tell him that I was not the real enemy, and he wheeled round to charge the Masai. Like a flash, every man was crouching on the ground, his shield in front of him. It was a truly magnificent sight. The lion charged from end to end of this wall of shields, scratching at them with his huge paw, in one or two instances biting clean through them. Yet not a man moved. Mad to think that he could not reach his foes, the lion stood roaring even more hideously than before. And then came the chance of the Masai. Rising suddenly to their feet, they flung their spears, every one of which got home."

The ring must have been astonishingly close, or the force of the spears beyond that of any of our athletes, for Mr. Kearton says that one of them went clean through the lion, and entered the leg of a man standing on the other side. It is a fine way of killing a lion, but the hide would not be of much value when a team of Masai had thus dealt with it. It is not exactly a co-operative trophy, for the mane goes to the man who first seizes the animal's tail. But the democratic *battue* is regarded as a great act of public utility, and is followed by an extra-special dance.

The Drama.

MR. CHESTERTON'S BLACK MAGIC.

"Magic." By G. K. Chesterton. Produced at the Little Theatre.

The Stranger ...	FRANKLIN DYALL.
Patricia Carleon ...	MISS GRACE CROFT.
Rev. Cyril Smith ...	O. P. HEGGIE.
Hastings ...	FRANK RANDELL.
Doctor Grimthorpe ...	WILLIAM FARREN.
The Duke ...	FRED LEWIS.
Morris Carleon ...	LYONEL WATTS.

WHAT is the true "magic" of the Theatre? Does it not reside in the power of the dramatist to excite to the uttermost the deepest feelings of his audience, to stimulate their sense of the sadness, or the fineness, or the coarseness, or the irony of life? And is it not equally clear that for this purpose he is permitted and accustomed to use either "natural" or "supernatural" machinery, or to combine these forces, under the feeling that man is half a victim, half a contriver, of Fate? Thus he may show *Ædipus* smitten by the Powers above (or below), and make him the innocent accomplice of his own shame; or *Macbeth*, lured by the powers of Hell along the path where ambition drives. But essentially there must be some profound human element in all these situations. You must feel that *Hamlet's* finely balanced nature is the kind of stuff to be set on fire, even though it be a flickering fire, by a ghostly reminder that life is for doing as well as for dreaming; and that *Don Giovanni* needs to be taught that he must not carry sensual pride too far, or *Brand* the pride of goodness. Heaven and Hell, therefore, playing their part in the drama of human experience, must be a spiritual Heaven and Hell.

"Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desire,
And Hell the shadow of a soul on fire."

In this fashion the spirituality of things asserts itself in the most material age, through its accustomed vehicles of poetry and literature, passing, like the legend of *Faust*, from one hand to another, and losing some touch of coarseness or childishness in the process. But what one cannot stomach in this age is the sham spirituality, in other words, the "magic," which is the theme of Mr. Chesterton's new drama. Let me illustrate what I mean by my own acquaintance with a great believer in the play of supernaturalism in this life—I mean Mr. Stead. Stead was a man of the most natural "magic" in the world. He threw out ideas as boys throw balls at coconuts at a fair, now and then hitting the mark, and now going ludicrously wide of it. But always he suggested the presence and incessant working of an ill-trained but vivid and powerfully suggestive imagination. Only when he resorted to his "spooks" and his "crystals" did he become a bore of the first water; and I presume that it was his sense of my own affrighted and afflicted look when this hateful topic was turned on that spared me its grossest excesses. But what is Mr. Chesterton doing with this game of parlor-magic? He is a critic not only of exquisite temper, but of the most delicate aversions, attractions, intuitions, well fitted to make the world examine its new-found treasures, and test and weigh them, lest, perchance, they should turn out to be dross. Therefore, it would be a calamity to find him among the mere wonder-workers, or wonder-believers, the stuff in which all the *Sludges* of all the ages find their account, and from which they finally rub off that fineness of sensibility which is the true gift of genius.

It is for that reason that I quarrel with his play, "Magic," and with his stranger, the sham magician. In the first place, he is not magical and not strange. *Item*, he is an ordinary sentimental lover. *Item*, it is of no consequence to anybody whether or when he is Mr. Maskelyne, and whether or when he is a genuine wizard of Endor, making pictures tremble on the walls, and chairs tilt on their legs, and turning red lamps into blue. *Item*, the work of the true magician is not to frighten people out of their wits, but out of their folly and wickedness.

* Specially striking representation.

Item, the incidental introduction of the Devil is of equal insignificance, for he has nothing to do in or with the ridiculously neutral company on which he intrudes. Going about, as he does, like a roaring lion, seeking what statesmen, saints, priests, pimps, thieves, and hypocrites he may devour, Mr. Chesterton wastes his time and ours by introducing him where he is neither wanted nor unwanted. Now, a man of Mr. Chesterton's force of mind has no business to waste anything, even the Devil. Engage his Satanic Majesty in the tempting of woman to tempt man, as the Bible does, or the re-conquest of Heaven by the ruin of Earth, as Milton does, or reveal him, lurking deep, silent, and unsuspected in man's heart, as Burns does; but don't degrade him into a nervous shiver for old women massed round a table, or curates simpering in a ducal drawing-room. For the objection to this conjuring business is Mr. Walkley's, that Mr. Chesterton does not show his magician actually getting the rabbits out of the hat. There is, no doubt, an immense verbal parade of spiritual rabbits inside the hat. But in the moment of exodus you have a vision, not of rabbits, but of a muddled assortment of lining and felt, and of the conjuror's clumsy hands and obtrusively obvious shirt and sleeve-links.

Let me therefore suggest the reason why Mr. Chesterton's philosophy and Mr. Chesterton's play are both at fault. The trouble is that he deals with visible instead of with invisible hats. Now, our so-called sceptical playwrights—Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, and Galsworthy—have a profound consciousness of being surrounded by a cloud of *invisible* witnesses, applauding or condemning, not the paper beliefs, but the concrete deeds, of their times. It is the sense of this encompassing host, of their embarrassing interventions and suggestions, which makes the drama that this generation is best fitted to hear and see. They describe an earthly city, or a sub-earthly one (is not Hell much like London?) while they desire a heavenly. Men's sins and their consequences, men's ignorance and its consequences, men's errors and their consequences, the true spiritual habit of those who attire themselves in this or that masquerade of character, my true relationship to my brother and sister, and his or hers to me—here is the ground of eternal mystery in which the average intellect gropes, and the superior mind sees clearly, while the dramatic genius lights it all up with serene fire from heaven or lurid flashes from hell. Here, if you please, is White Magic, created to confound the old common Black Magic of invocation and exorcism. And the proof of where the greater potency lies is that Ibsen's "Master Builder" or Hauptmann's "Weavers" answer the Christian text of suitability to the age; while Mr. Chesterton's "Magic" seems chiefly calculated to re-enshroud men's minds in the mists they and time have put behind them.

And really Mr. Chesterton has himself to blame for his failure. His vicars, and conjurers, and fairy-tale tellers, and his terrible young *pétroleur* from the States, are the merest fudge. But his Duke is a gem, as good in its way as those immortal muddlers, Mrs. Nickleby or Mr. Brooke, of "Middlemarch." For with the Duke Mr. Chesterton comes back to the dramatist's true business, which is the illumination of life for the guidance of men, not of hollow turnips for the scaring of yokels. The proof of this is that the Duke is actable as well as laughable; whereas the necromancer and his foils, being mere stage properties, can only be stiffly posed and laboriously counterfeited. Mr. Chesterton must really cheer up. I will tell him a secret, which I had from an incidental angel in Fleet Street. The Middle Ages do not merely seem to be over; they *are* over.

H. W. M.

Music.

STRAUSS AND ELGAR.

THE Philharmonic Society gave us on Tuesday week the first English performance, under Mengelberg, of the "Festliches Präludium" that Strauss wrote for the

opening of the new Vienna concert hall on the 19th of last month. Though the work is a short one, and too much ought not to be expected of a piece written to order, the Prelude interested many of us as the first purely orchestral work Strauss has given us since he became infatuated with opera. It might, we thought, help us to find an answer to the question of precisely how much good and how much harm his long association with the theatre has done him—whether the theatrical bluff and make-believe that have helped him out of many a difficulty there have become so much part and parcel of him that he will practise them when there is no longer any occasion for them, or any hope that they will succeed, or whether he will be able to put together a purely orchestral tissue that shall be quite homogeneous throughout. But for an answer to these questions we shall have to wait for the appearance of that "Nature Symphony" on which he is said to have been engaged for some time, or of some other extended instrumental work. The "Festliches Präludium" gives us little clue to what is going on within him. It certainly sounds sumptuous enough, in a heavy, emphatic, scarlet sort of way; but could the veriest noodle help making the poorest music sound sumptuous if we gave him the huge Strauss orchestra to play with?

Bad as this sort of "command" art generally is, there is no need for it to be as bad as this. If the Prelude does not show us what Strauss is likely to do when he attempts his next big orchestral work, it certainly confirms the impression derived from so much of his later music, that thematic commonplace comes fatally easy to him now. He is a mystery. He can write music of a kind that makes it absurd to question his right to be in the company of the immortals; but he can also write things more banal than anything that any other great composer has ever put his name to in his maturity. The D flat major melody of Bacchus, towards the end of "Ariadne auf Naxos," may be cited in illustration. This is the kind of thing one might expect a pianoforte salesman to improvise when showing off an instrument to a prospective purchaser. How comes such an incredible piece of dulness and fatuity in the score of a man like Strauss? Is the explanation this, that he has no artistic conscience, and simply writes down the first thing that comes into his head, knowing well that his reputation is sufficient to float it for a time? Or has he lost that fineness of the inner ear by virtue of which a great composer knows instinctively whether he is writing up to or below his proper level? If the latter, what hope is there for Strauss? Does not the failure to make "Ariadne auf Naxos" interesting for more than a page or two here and there indicate that some delicate vitalizing thing has gone from the man's brain, whether permanently or only temporarily none can say? The truth is that Strauss, who ten years ago was the most interesting composer in Europe, is now one of the dullest. It is not that he says anything above our heads, but simply that at least half the things he says are well-worn and tiresome commonplaces. Perhaps he himself is conscious of how little he has to say now that is really fresh or arresting. This may account for two features of his later style—the attempt to achieve a broad simplicity of phrase that is quite beyond his powers and that almost always ends in the obvious, and the attempt to turn a platitude into an original saying by a turn or two of harmonic eccentricity. Of this latter vice the opening organ phrase of the "Festliches Präludium" is as good an illustration as any. If left in its plain diatonic form, without harmonic sophistication, it would indeed be quite undistinguished, but it would have the not dislikeable quality of any honest plain face. Strauss labors under the delusion that he can make the plain face more impressive by twitching the nose in this direction, the mouth in that, and the eyebrows in another. Anyone could, with the greatest ease, give a Straussian physiognomy to the humblest tune, such as that of "Three Blind Mice," merely by this frustration of the hearer's anticipation by suddenly switching him out of one key into another. The method has about as much originality in it as crossing the road, ringing the

bell of No. 6, returning to the other pavement, crossing the road again and ringing at No. 10, and then taking a leap back in the direction of No. 8, which is where you wanted to get in the first place, and where you could have got with far less trouble to yourself and to the occupants of No. 6 and No. 10. Apart from the spurious air of originality given to one or two of the phrases of the "Festliches Præludium" by dodges of this kind, the themes of it are utterly without interest. Had the score been sent out anonymously in manuscript, there is probably not a conductor in Europe who would have thought it worth the trouble of rehearsal. There is magic in a name.

If Elgar were half so good an advertiser as Strauss, Queen's Hall would not have been two-thirds empty at the excellent concert of his music given by Mr. Landon Ronald and the New Symphony Orchestra the night before the introduction of the "Festliches Præludium." As it was the occasion of the first performance of "Falstaff" in London, one would have thought that mere curiosity would have brought a larger audience together. Elgar, I suspect, is paying the penalty for doing what no artist is allowed to do in England—showing a new aspect of himself. Hanslick long ago said that it was difficult to win the favor of the English musical public and impossible to lose it. It is possible to lose it, however, by doing something new. The British public does not like its favorites to change their style; if it once labels you humorist, or cynic, or mystic, or classic, it likes you to do nothing that is inconsistent with the label. It has the strongest objection to anyone changing his intellectual clothes. So Elgar, having enormously extended his personality during the last few years, and taken to living on planes that are inaccessible to any other British composer (Deliuss is Continental rather than British), finds the public that applauded "Gerontius" and the First Symphony unable to recognize him in the Second Symphony, which, in beauty, in intellectual interest, and in imaginative power, is superior to everything else he has written.

And yet one sometimes wonders whether he himself is not a little to blame for the failure of the public as a whole to follow him in his latest flights. "Falstaff" is rather a difficult work for the ordinary man at a first hearing, because the music is so closely bound up with the programme that, unless the hearer can correlate every phrase with the incidents or the mood it illustrates, he becomes confused. But after all, Elgar himself has laid bare to us the programme of "Falstaff," and a little industry and a few hearings of the work ought to suffice to put anyone at his ease in it. But the Second Symphony stands on a different footing. No one supposes that there is underlying it a programme as definite as that of the "Falstaff," yet no one can doubt that it has a programme of some kind. The meagre clues Elgar has already given us to the psychology of the symphony help the plain man to some extent. Information that comes to one privately helps one to grasp the purport of certain passages that are a little puzzling without it—such as that tremendously impressive outburst in the middle of the scherzo. Now, why cannot Elgar and other composers take us fully into their confidence in these matters? If their music has no poetic basis whatever, well and good; we shall have no difficulty in following its own story as told in its own language. But if it has a poetic basis, this is just as indispensable for us as it was for the composer. Let him cease to be terrified at a few toothless old women who still keep mumbling that pure music should be concerned with nothing outside itself. That sort of æsthetic may be left to obsolete publications like the new edition of "Grove." Surely Wagner lived in vain if he has not yet convinced the world that some music at least takes its origin from experiences that can be phrased in words. It may be that in time poetic music will be able to express itself with such definiteness that no external guide will be required. Such a music would be to the modern world what a Beethoven Symphony was to the early nineteenth century. But obviously that time has not yet come, and cannot come until the advent of a new Beethoven. *Pace* the Brahmsians, he certainly has not come yet. There can be no more

ludicrous error than to regard Brahms as the successor and continuer of Beethoven, for Brahms passes over almost everything in the real Beethoven that made him a fertilizing force for the future. How primitive, how innocent, for example, are the scherzi of Brahms's symphonies in comparison with those of the third, and fifth, and ninth of Beethoven, or this Second Symphony of Elgar! It looks as if there were a natural law that evolution in music shall proceed not directly, but crosswise, as it were. The true successor of Beethoven is not Brahms, but Wagner. But Wagner, in turn, has fertilized, not opera, but instrumental music. Shall we have, then, in course of time a new opera born out of the new power of instrumental music, followed by a new Beethoven born out of the new Wagner?

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Present-Day Problems.

THE FEDERAL IDEA APPLIED TO IRELAND.

At the request of the Editor of THE NATION, I propose to describe in this article a scheme, already briefly outlined in the daily press, for an Irish constitution so framed as to give some effect to the case of North-East Ulster, without violating the essential unity of Ireland. But at the outset, though I hate to be personal, I feel bound to make two points clear; first, that, like all thorough Nationalists, I regard any infringement whatever of the absolute unity of Ireland for all purposes, small or great, as a step only to be justified by a sheer necessity for compromise; secondly, that, in respect to the form of Home Rule to be bestowed upon Ireland as a whole, I stand firmly by the principle enunciated in my book, "The Framework of Home Rule," and supported there both on historical and rigidly practical grounds. The principle was that of throwing upon Ireland—primarily in her own interest, necessarily, therefore, in the British interest—entire responsibility for her own domestic affairs, legislative, executive, and, above all financial, with a view to the erection of a self-reliant and united nation upon the ruins of a society weakened and corrupted by centuries of alternate coercion and spoon-feeding, and divided by feuds which were originated and have been perpetuated by excessive external interference.

No one holding this view could regard without dismay a compromise with North-East Ulster which involved any detraction from the powers given to Ireland (regarded as a whole) under the present Bill. The following scheme proceeds on the opposite hypothesis, on the lines, that is, of combining the conciliation of North-East Ulster with an expansion of the limited powers conferred by the Bill. Given the maintenance of the political integrity of the island, the distribution of Irish powers within Ireland itself, important question as it is, is relatively trivial beside the question of the extent of the powers so distributed. The paramount object should be to concentrate somewhere within Ireland all responsibility for purely Irish affairs. Nor is there any evidence to show that North-East Ulstermen themselves, the principle of Home Rule once accepted and their own interests safeguarded, would prefer a limited to a full scheme of Irish self-government.

Let us try to look at this matter from the Ulster point of view, and begin by making the not unwarrantable assumption that the bare "exclusion" of North-East Ulster is out of the question. The difficulty lies not only in the abandonment of the Unionist minorities elsewhere, nor in the dislocation caused by partitioning a country united by the closest bonds, legal, economic, social, and sentimental. It lies chiefly, perhaps, from the Ulster standpoint, in the absurdity of transporting Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Birrell, and the whole crazy and cumbrous fabric of Castle Government from Dublin to Belfast, and making North-East Ulster,

with its sturdy and virile democracy, the last remaining spot in the Empire where white men live under Crown Colony government. Nor, failing such a desperate expedient, would it be possible to amalgamate the excluded counties with England or Scotland. They are not English or Scottish. They are Irish, living, in many fundamental matters, under distinctively Irish laws, which must be administered by an Irish authority, and this authority, if it is not to be the irresponsible rule of the Castle, must rest on the sanction of a free electorate. In other words, the excluded area must have Home Rule.

It then becomes a question, still from the Ulster standpoint, of reconciling the existence of two autonomies in Ireland. Directly this is realized, reason must supplant passion. Reason demonstrates the fundamental unity of the island, not merely as a sentiment but as a practical business fact, and the madness, in Ulster's own interest, of complete severance. The fact may be denied to the point of bloodshed, but it cannot be altered, and sooner or later it must be recognized, because it has been established not only by Nature and imperative social exigencies, but by the deliberate choice and sanction of Ulstermen themselves in the past.

But that is not to say that there cannot be room within a unified self-governed Ireland for a subdivision of authority corresponding to a local diversity of creed or race. We may deplore the necessity for finding room, but there is room. How is the problem to be solved? It is not a new one. In one form or another it is as old as man himself. How has it been solved elsewhere?

Nowhere successfully but by the federal principle. Let us see how this principle can be introduced into Ireland. "Into Ireland," it must be repeated; for the proposal to introduce it into the United Kingdom, with Ireland as a constituent State, however good as an abstract future ideal, does not bring us a hair's breadth nearer the solution of the Ulster difficulty. It is, indeed, a crowning example of the invincible reluctance of Englishmen to apply to Ireland the ordinary rules and standards of political science that now, when her emancipation is so near, some even of her friends should use one of the noblest and most beneficent conceptions of the human mind—the federal idea—not for the purpose of easing, in its latest phase, a problem seven centuries old, but for confusing and complicating the whole issue, and indefinitely delaying a settlement.

At the present crisis the federal principle can only be used as a solvent within Ireland of an Irish dissension. Any other use of it would defer Home Rule to the Greek Kalends, would not appease Ulster, and would impair the efficacy of Irish self-government by gravely restricting its scope.

Nor, even when applied to Ireland, can a flawless scheme be founded on it. No scheme which departs in any degree from a unified system can be flawless. There are bound to be inconveniences and anomalies. The object must be to minimize them.

The system would involve three representative authorities in Ireland: a national Parliament, chosen by the whole electorate, and beneath it two provincial Legislatures—one for North-east Ulster, the other for the rest of Ireland—reflecting that local cleavage of sentiment and interest which must be recognized and yet reconciled with the higher unity. How would the self-governing powers bestowed upon Ireland be distributed between these authorities? Theory apart, the practical answer (given for brevity) is that the things in which North-east Ulster apprehends unequal or oppressive treatment would be the exclusive concern of the two provincial Legislatures. On this ground the two sections of Irishmen must settle separately matters which they cannot settle in common. All the rest would be dealt with on the higher ground of the national Parliament.

Sifted by this test, and sifted, let us hope, in the earnest effort to find the maximum of common ground, what would be the subjects for provincial treatment? No one can prescribe in detail. Here is a sketch under four main heads:—

- (1) Education, and all allied matters.
- (2) Local government.
- (3) Police.
- (4) Direct taxation.

So far as the genuine apprehensions of Ulstermen have been formulated in concrete terms, they are covered, I think, by these four heads. And in every federation in the world, these four branches of government come under the provincial, and not under the national sphere. Ireland would be following the normal course.

At this point certain obvious criticisms must be dealt with: (1) Why three Legislatures? Are not two enough, one for Ireland as a whole, and another, subordinate to it, for North-east Ulster, the sole source of the trouble? To answer this question fully would be to trace the history of the federal idea; but one simple reply, by way of illustration, is this: that the Ulstermen, besides having control of their own Education, Police, &c., would, through the all-Irish Parliament, have a share in deciding similar questions for the people of the rest of Ireland. If all the inhabitants of Ireland are to be on a just and equal footing, and if the working of the national Parliament is not to be fatally vitiated, a subordinate Ulster Legislature, with exclusive powers, must be balanced by another for the rest of Ireland with exactly parallel powers. The difficulties "passing the wit of man," which are inherent in representing a home-ruled Ireland at Westminster under the present Imperial Constitution will at once occur to every mind. The method of mitigating an indefensible anomaly by making Irish representation very small, as in the present Bill, is not one that can possibly be imitated in the case we are now considering.

(2) Why more than one Legislature in Ireland? Why not give Ireland what Sir Edward Grey has vaguely hinted at under the name of "administrative autonomy"? Without further explanation, it is hardly possible to examine this proposal. The phrase seems to be a contradiction in terms, but if it means that North-east Ulster is only to choose officials to carry out in her area laws made in Dublin, it appears to be inadequate as a compromise. At any rate, it looks highly abnormal, and it is, above all things, desirable to give Ireland a normal system of government, and the more strictly normal the better.

(3) If three Legislatures, why not five—one national and four provincial, corresponding to the four existing provinces? The answer here is that there is no technical objection to five, but that three are clearly enough, and that three are simpler and less costly than five.

I turn, lastly, to the powers of the central Irish Parliament and its relation to the Imperial authority. The scheme sketched above renders imperative larger powers and a less intimate relation than the Bill provides for. Federalized Ireland need not have any power incompatible with complete Imperial supremacy in all essential things, but it must have immediate and complete control, whether sub-divided or not, of its own Police, Old Age Pensions, National Insurance, Savings Banks, and land legislation. And it must, as the most vital necessity of all, control its own finance and taxation, with only a temporary subsidy to meet a deficit for which the Union, not Ireland, is responsible. Representation at Westminster would be replaced by the far more effective method of conference, on an organized and systematic basis.

There is no space here to recapitulate the arguments for such a wider autonomy. They are valid, I submit, under all circumstances, compromise or no compromise. But they would become conclusive were the compromise here outlined to prove acceptable. It is the greatest merit of the Bill that, though delaying and restricting this wider autonomy, it does not shut the door upon it, but on the contrary leaves the door open for future expansion in almost every particular. With the Ulster difficulty removed, immediate expansion in every particular should be possible. Authoritative justification is in the hands of the Government. The Report of their own Primrose Committee, after long, thorough, and unbiassed inquiry by able experts, emphatically and unanimously recommended

the immediate grant of complete domestic autonomy, as the only sure and certain road to the regeneration of Ireland.

Two concluding observations.

Full autonomy is a condition precedent to Ireland's entrance, on any healthy, dignified, and practical terms, into a future Federation of the United Kingdom. Those who plan otherwise, however good their intention, defy nature and history.

Full autonomy, coupled with a federal distribution of powers within Ireland, gives Ulstermen a magnificent opportunity of ending this long and disastrous struggle with honor to themselves and profit to their country. Without violating the spirit of their Covenant, or even its letter, they could forward—nay, initiate—a movement for the permanent benefit of Ireland, and so begin the new era with a conscious pride in her fortunes.

ERSKINE CHILDERS.

Letters from Abroad.

BEILIS'S CASE IN KIEV.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The trial of a Jewish clerk for the supposed murder of a Christian boy, Andrew Yushchinsky, is called by Beilis's name merely by misunderstanding. In the opinion of many high-minded Russians, this is a trial of the whole Jewish people and their religion, erroneously or perhaps intentionally accused of the use of Christian blood for certain ritual purposes. If this were so, why did not the Court and the accusers call genuine scientific authorities as witnesses? Russian ecclesiastical science possesses quite a number of reliable professors and students of the Jewish Scriptures and literature. What they have actually done is this. They called as witnesses an ignorant monk of seventy-one years of age, a Christian Jew, who told them half-a-dozen old wives' tales which he had heard from his mother and from some friends still older than himself; then a Roman Catholic priest, Pranaitis, from Thishkend, with a not quite unimpeachable past, who never read any of the original sources of information on the subject, and whose whole learning is limited to a few secondhand compilations. Then came a hysterical student, Golubef, leader of the Kiev Black Hundred and editor of a pogrom sheet, "The Double-headed Eagle." His only knowledge of the subject was obtained from an anti-Semitic concoction by Lubostansky, a monk who was expelled for immorality, and who has publicly refuted his own writings in the press. And last, but not least, there was the evidence of an inebriate professor of psychiatry, Sikorsky, an embittered old man, who declined to point to any written authority for his anti-Semitic statements, except a non-existing work by one of the accusers, Shmakof.

All those witnesses are too contemptible to prove anything, or to reveal any truth as to the actual worth of the Jewish religion, or the guilt of the Jewish people of any national crime. And this was not the purpose of the accusation. It was impossible to accomplish such a purpose with such poor materials, and the prosecutors could not fail to see this for themselves. What they aimed at was to create a triumph for anti-Semitic superstitious beliefs. In this they failed completely, and the whole undertaking became a trial of their own anti-Semitic doctrine.

It is now over thirty years since the crew of the sinking ship of Russian absolutism first tried this unworthy weapon to save their failing cause. This was when Plehve organized an anti-Semitic agitation and Jewish pogroms in 1883 in South Russia, where the Jews formed almost the only merchant class in the villages, and where the ignorant peasants, together with some crafty Russian tradesmen, had a natural grudge against them. The result was that the prevailing discontent of the masses was diverted against the Jews. A large public meeting of protest was organized at that time

in the London Mansion House, the Lord Mayor taking the chair. English public opinion rightly appreciated the value of this criminal method of using Jews as scapegoats for political purposes. Now we see merely a further, and let us hope a final, development of the same tactics. They have been used on many occasions since 1883. One of the largest Jewish pogroms of the latest series in Kishenev in 1903 has been clearly traced to the same experienced hand of Plehve, when the passive attitude of the local administration and the military was explained by the presence in the town of a mysterious colonel of the Imperial Gendarmerie who arrived with secret orders and a large supply of pogrom literature from St. Petersburg, and who organized the scum of the town population for the purpose of looting and killing Jews.

The repulsive stories of further pogroms all over the country immediately after the issue of the constitutional manifesto of October 17th, 1905, are fresh in the memory of the civilized world. At that time anti-Semitic doctrine was openly preached, not only against Jews, but against the whole constitutional and revolutionary upheaval. Pogroms against both were organized under the same pretext of saving the Tsar, the orthodoxy, and the Fatherland. Local police and military officials had secret orders to abstain from interference with the looting and murdering of Jews or "their hirelings." Processions of peaceful citizens and children were trampled down by the Cossack horses, and the Cossacks received formal thanks from high quarters for their excellent exploits.

At the present time, when signs of a revival of revolutionary discontent are again evident all over the country, the same poisonous weapons of national hatred and religious superstition are being raised at Kiev. What was wanted was a fresh war-cry against "Jews and their hirelings," i.e., against progressive intellectuals, the progressive press, and even against those police and military officials who carried out their duties impartially. These latter are supposed to be bribed by Jewish capitalists.

The part played by anti-Semitic doctrine in this trial is quite unique. It formed the basis of the whole fabric of the accusation. The investigation was altogether biased. The most important pieces of evidence have been studiously kept back from the Court; the carpet in which the corpse of the murdered boy was wrapped disappeared; only a scrap of it has been chemically examined, and no traces of blood found; the clay attached to the corpse has not been compared with that of the thieves' house, although the latter is situated as near to the spot where the corpse was found as to Zaitcheff brick works, where Beilis was engaged as clerk, and where clay was found of quite a different kind. Moreover, the prosecutor cynically tried to screen and to whitewash the thieves, and based his arguments exclusively upon their evidence. The investigating officials were changed several times in the course of these two and a half years, those of them who were not inclined to press the Beilis theory were removed, and some of them even persecuted on the plea that they were bribed by Jews.

The final speech of the public accuser was merely an impassioned exposition of anti-Semitism, all unimpeachable evidence produced at the trial being ignored, and reference only made to the evidence of the thieves. The representative of official justice, whose duty it was to get at the truth at all costs, fell to the level of delivering an impassioned pogrom oration in the open court, in order to poison the minds of the ignorant peasant jury.

It was known long before the trial that there were two theories of this crime. One was that of the guilt of Beilis, and was founded upon the second-hand evidence of the thieves, but was shattered by the whole mass of evidence produced at the trial—among other proofs, by twelve receipts for bricks signed by Beilis at the very hours when the crime took place, establishing his complete *alibi*. This theory is still upheld by the prosecution against all evidence. But there is another theory which is now being turned into a veritable act of indictment against the thieves

and the official accusers. It is this: The assassinated boy, Yuschinsky, frequented Tcheberiak's house, and knew a good deal of the thieves' dealings. A few days before his murder, there was a police search at this house, and the thieves had some ground for suspecting him of treachery. Tcheberiak said, in presence of a witness, a short time before, that "the boy had to be got rid of, as he knew too much." Two lodgers on the lower floor of the same house actually heard a child's suppressed screams from the upper floor, at the very hour of the murder—Tcheberiak's own children being absent at the time. In the pocket of the murdered boy, a bloodstained pillow-case was found, which two seamstresses recognized as that which they had made for the den-keeper. When another witness entered the thieves' house, soon after the screams, she saw three thieves escaping into the next room at the appearance of a stranger, and noticed something like a corpse wrapped in a carpet under the sofa. Soon after the murder, dogs are said to have dragged bloodstained rags out of the dustbin of the house—they were poisoned soon after. Before going out to the fatal spot the boy had been to Tcheberiak's house; he wore an overcoat, and had a bundle of school-books under his arm. The overcoat disappeared, but the books were found strewn round the corpse, among them a sheet of paper that had been used in Tcheberiak's house for card-playing. One of the thieves, before being imprisoned, actually confessed their guilt in this crime at Tcheberiak's house to a man whom he wrongly considered one of their gang. On the evening of the very day of the crime the same gang of three men committed a theft at Kiev, and went to Moscow the same night and deliberately gave themselves up for this theft, without any suspicion being raised against them, evidently for the purpose of establishing an *alibi* in the case of the murder.

One truth has thus been clearly demonstrated before the whole world, viz., how baseless and superstitious is the anti-Semitic doctrine, and how desperate must be the situation of the Russian Absolutists when they employ tactics of this nature.—Yours, &c.,

N. W. TCHAYKOVSKY.

THE RESULT OF THE SECOND KRUPP TRIAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The second Krupp trial has ended as was anticipated. Herr Brandt, the Berlin tool of the famous firm, has been condemned to four months' hard labor for bribery of State officials, and Herr Eccius, one of the managers of the firm, has been fined 1,200 marks for having been accessory to this bribery. The amount of money spent in bribing is ascertained as 1,225 marks, and declared forfeited to the State. The public prosecutor and the court agree that no military secrets have been treasonably divulged. The truth of this latter statement will readily be admitted. It would have been the most outrageous knavery if the most privileged of the army contractors of the Empire had permitted even a minor employee to commit such an offence. There was the less reason for doing anything of the kind since the firm was officially informed of almost all the innovations in the armaments of the Empire which were of interest to the Krupp concern, and Krupps, says the verdict of the court, participated in all the experiments of importance; "the ordnances were put to the test at the shooting grounds of the firm; there were no secrets in this respect." To put it in other words: Krupps are free from the suspicion of housebreaking, because all the doors were wide open to them.

But if, in this respect, former statements have proved exaggerated, the guilt of the firm in regard to certain bad business practices is all the more established. Their misdeeds were committed in the interest of what the German law calls *unlauterer Wettbewerb* (unfair competition). They enjoyed the greatest privileges of all the competing contractors, and yet kept an agency for eliciting from officials of the State information about tenders and prices by which they were able to oust their competitors. They pretended to have desired that

information in order to make offers as low as the competing firms, so that by this the Empire was finally the gainer. But to know the prices submitted by other firms enables a firm to tender higher prices than would be the case if the secret was strictly kept, and who can say with any degree of certainty that Krupps did not profit in this way by their illicit information? They have for a long time exacted excessive prices from the State, and have made it pay 10 per cent. more for armor, plates, etc., than the price they sold them for on the world's market.

Officials have been corrupted in order to further impositions on the State or sordid manoeuvres against competitors. This fact is established; no whitewashing is possible, and there is a widespread feeling that not all has come out which would compromise the Krupp concern. Von Metzen, a dismissed official of Krupps, who, with a view to revenge, if not of blackmail, had taken a copy of much of the illegally gotten information, has in court let slip remarks that point in this direction. We may, therefore, expect some day to hear more of these unclean dealings.

There has been a great outcry in Jingo quarters against the unpatriotic behavior of revealing the actions of Krupps, and in the semi-official "Lokal-Anzeiger," the Public Prosecutor and the President of the Court have been severely censured for having allowed such a deserving firm to be shown up for actions which are done in other countries on a much larger scale. These operations, it said, go on everywhere—*cosi fan tutti*—and the Krupps were comparatively innocent; they paid the penalty only of their guilelessness. I do not feel inclined to deny that what the Krupp firm has done is being done elsewhere also, and perhaps here and there in a still worse fashion. Only pharisaic people outside of the Fatherland will take advantage of the Krupp trial in order to blacken German morals. Genuine democrats in all countries know that the evil is international, and fight it as such, root and branch. But German Socialists also know the proverb "Charity begins at home," and they mean to act accordingly.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoeneberg, Berlin.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CABINET AND THE LARKIN PROSECUTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Hammond's letter of last week gives expression to a feeling which is shared, and strongly shared, by very large numbers of ordinary sound Liberals, who in other respects give a whole-hearted support to the Government. One need not be a very extreme friend of freedom to feel distressed at the revival of prosecutions for "blasphemy" and "seditious language"; and the distress is not weakened by observing that these obsolete and oppressive laws are put in force only against the poor.

The Government has, of course, work on hand of the most difficult and absorbing character. I quite realize that. I also realize that none of the Ministers can like these prosecutions, while some must simply detest them. It looks to me as if, owing to preoccupation with other large issues, Ministers were allowing themselves to drift into a course which is in itself full of public danger, which leads to the commission of grave injustice against individuals, and which is far more strongly resented than the Government realizes by good Liberals throughout the country.

I would suggest that a deputation be formed to lay the subject before the Prime Minister or the Attorney General. Perhaps Mr. Hammond would take the matter in hand.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

82, Woodstock Road, Oxford,
November 11th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me, in the first place, to thank you for the articles "The Trial for Sedition in Dublin" and "Which Century?" in your issue of last week? Parliamentary language is quite inadequate to describe the feelings of many ardent Liberals at the thought that Larkin is in prison and Carson free. It is not that we mind at all Carson being at liberty, but that a Liberal Government should be in any way responsible for the trial and imprisonment of Larkin fills us with shame and indignation. The workman has known for long that, if there is not one law for the rich and another for the poor, at any rate the administration of the law is one thing for the rich and powerful, and another and a very different thing for the poor and humble. He sees now that, in trials for sedition, the Law selects its victims, and a man's fate depends on his position in society. It may be quite wise policy to give Carson and the other Ulster treason-mongers plenty of rope, but surely it is madness for a Liberal Administration to revive, for the special treatment of the poor, methods of repression that we had all thought obsolete long ago. No wonder the Laborists are angry. Indeed, they are in a blind fury, and ready and anxious to wreak their vengeance on Liberalism whenever they get the chance. It does not seem to matter to them that they are indulging in the operation, always futile and ridiculous, of "cutting off the nose to spite the face." It cannot conceivably help their cause to split the Progressive vote and allow a Tory to sail in and misrepresent the constituency; but they are delighted when they succeed in such an attempt.

And, truth to tell, some of us, who have fought long and fought hard for Liberalism, if we were to consult our feelings only at this time, would be disposed to transfer our allegiance, on this occasion at least, to the Labor Party. But reason tells us that that would simply be playing the Tory game, and that that cannot be right. In South Lanarkshire the Liberals are menaced for the first time with Labor opposition. In a fair and square fight the Tories would not have the ghost of a chance of returning their man. What may happen in a three-cornered contest, of which we have had no previous experience, remains to be seen. The constituency has a very considerable mining element, as all the Lanarkshire constituencies have, and the result will depend on the measure of success that will attend the efforts of the Labor leaders to detach the miners' votes from the Liberal candidate. If similar efforts in neighboring constituencies in the past are any guide, they will fail. But "Larkin in prison" may make all the difference. Of one thing I am sure, Ulsteria won't affect half a dozen votes. I trust, sir, that you will continue to press for the immediate release of Larkin on the grounds of reason and justice and fairplay. It is no mere coincidence that such action would be sound Liberal policy as well.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN STUART LEISHMAN.

The Manse, Abington, Lanarkshire.
November 12th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I trust that by the time the next number of THE NATION appears, the Government will have done what they can to retrieve the greatest administrative blunder since Peterloo. But my object in writing is not to discuss the Larkin case, but to ask Liberals to draw from it certain practical conclusions.

The Larkin case is the most striking of many recent illustrations of the fact that the working classes are out of sympathy with the law. The law is to them an external piece of machinery, administered by people whom they do not trust, not the expression of the will of a community of which they themselves form the majority. The real defence of the Trades Disputes Act is not that Trade Unions are a form of association for which the law has no place, but that you cannot get justice in a trade union case from a middle-class jury. The claim that a man shall be tried by his peers—whatever those famous words may have meant originally—is not now realized, except for the middle and upper classes. Hence, the whole machinery of law is set so as to deal with working men according to middle-class standards; and the result is distrust and alienation.

This distrust will not disappear in a day; but the

Government, and specially the new Attorney-General, may well be asked to do what they can to bring the law into touch with the working classes. To this end, the appointment of a professional Commission, such as that now sitting, is useless. Such a Commission can suggest professional reforms, but it is not competent to consider the whole relation of law to modern society.

We need working-class juries and, at any rate, a leaven of working-class magistrates. In both cases, payment will be necessary, and should not be grudged. To give a man a vote and yet deny him a seat in the jury-box is to affirm that the mind that can try high matters of State is not to be trusted to pronounce on a charge of petty larceny. A man who can never hope to appear in a law-court, except as a defendant, a witness, or a prisoner, is not yet fully a citizen. But to make all normal British subjects British citizens, with a secure minimum of the things of the body and of the mind, is, if I understand rightly, the task before Liberalism to-day.—Yours, &c.,

A BARRISTER.

November 12th, 1913.

THE DUBLIN STRIKE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is there anything to set against the injuries inflicted by this event: (1) the hardships, present and to come, on the workers; (2) the losses to the employers; (3) the losses to both through industries already interrupted and through industries doomed to extinction or diversion by the fear of insecurity; and (4) last, but not least, the attacks on the social action, or inaction, of the Catholic clergy, attacks not aimed at religion, but, whether just or unjust, inseparable from a weakening of religious influences, the one restraining power left in this country?

Assuredly, so far as increased wages and employment are concerned, there is little to counterbalance these results of the movement. There are, however, certain by-products that deserve to be noted:—

First, whatever may be thought of the strike as a matter of justice or expediency, it has brought English workers into co-operation and sympathy with their Dublin fellows. They have proved this in hard cash, and it does not take from their influence that, at certain stages, they stood on the side of moderation, and that they ceased to promote the deportation of children as soon as they learned that it met with general disapproval. This attitude will do more to promote good will between the masses of the two countries than has been done, or can be done, for many a day.

Again, the attention drawn to the housing question makes it, humanly speaking, impossible to defer its solution. An enlightened and devoted Catholic has written within the last few days of his dismay at seeing "Catholic Dublin allow the red cap of the French Revolution to be displayed in its face." While, up to the present, I miss some features of the Paris of 1792, no one that knows the slums of Dublin will deny that they would have been held to justify revolution in other countries. This is part of the larger question of social reform. Months before the strike, a Jesuit, denouncing from the pulpit the lack of social sense among Irish Catholics, defined social charity, in contradistinction to almsgiving charity, as work for the prevention of poverty and suffering, and he instanced the provision of good dwellings for the poor. He added the memorable words that nowhere in Europe was social charity, as distinguished from almsgiving charity, less known or practised than in Ireland. This bold truth was never before, so far as I have heard or read, so clearly announced from our pulpits. All honor to the priest that spoke it, and to the Order, whatever faults may be imputed to it (and its old pupils have always been its severest critics), that leaves its members enough independence and courage to tell home-truths like this from the pulpit, and to re-state them in print.

We have poor machinery for the housing problem. The work is nominally for the Corporation; but the adequacy of that body is questionable, although perhaps Mr. Larkin went a little too far when, within the last few days, he called it "the foulest brood that could be got in any country." Some body will have to be formed, and that quickly, and a good deal of money that has hitherto gone to other praiseworthy objects will have to be diverted to the rescue of the poor from their present beastly surroundings.

Finally, the strike will act as a wholesome sumptuary law in restraint of foolish expenditure by certain sections of our middle-class Dubliners. In the virtual absence of what used to be known as an upper class, some of us seem to feel that we are bound in honor to imitate, in a small way, the performances of the gentry that once lived in our streets and squares of tenements. With lessened incomes and shaken securities, these good people will have to draw a tighter rein, and it is barely possible that a little consideration will teach them that, if good times return, they would be wise to provide for their families, and to spend their money in educating them for useful, even if unfashionable, pursuits.

But Dublin is not going to disappear as a commercial centre. Its position and excellent port make it a commercial necessity for the larger part of the island. Water seeks its own level. If our present working class refused to work on reasonable terms, workers would gradually pour in from other quarters, as they had begun to do before the strike, and it may safely be asserted that if by degrees a few thousand Belfast men found their way into Dublin workshops, they would not require a very large body of police to defend them against any association that had the temerity to interfere with their freedom of action.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD O'SHAUGHNESSY.

8, Palmerston Park, Dublin.
November 10th, 1913.

LAND POLICY AND LAND TAXATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Wedgwood deserves our thanks for his correspondence with the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs which you published in your last issue; most of all for his skill in extracting that last ingenuous admission.

"You may be right," says Mr. Acland, "in thinking that this (the Government's policy) is ultimately compatible with increased rents, too, owing to the increased use of, and increased population on, the land. Even if that is so, I do not think it condemns the scheme."

Not, it may be, in Mr. Acland's eyes. But it should condemn it, must surely condemn it, in the eyes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of every Radical who has followed and admired his analysis of the land problem during the past four years.

Mr. Lloyd George has taught the party that the essential feature of any effective land reform must be the securing for the community of the communal value of the land. Mr. Acland tells us, in effect, that the new scheme will increase that value, and will keep it safely in private hands.

Not even Liberal Governments can ride two horses for long without a fall. And the time has come when the choice must be made. You can decide to burst the land monopoly, or to establish it more firmly; to endow the nation or to endow the landlords. But you cannot do both. The country is seeing that very clearly, and is wearying of a mixed diet of revolutionary speeches and conservative policies from the same men.

Reading and Linlithgow are, more than anything else, protests against ambiguity, against the perpetual endeavor to reconcile the incompatible, to profess Radicalism while practising Whiggery.

The endowment of landlords, the imprisonment of strike leaders, the inflation of armaments, form a logical and coherent Tory-Whig policy. But that it should be carried out by Radicals is to the ordinary elector an incomprehensible and an offensive thing. He looks to those who claim to be the leaders of democracy to stand boldly for democratic ideals, and to leave Toryism to the Tories.

If they do so, they may split the party? True! But if they do not, they will inevitably damn it.—Yours, &c.,

DE FOREST.

Spencer House, St. James's, S.W.
November 12th, 1913.

THE GREEK PRISONERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your article on "Two Centres of Oppression," of November 8th, you state that the Greeks still hold some three thousand Bulgaro-Macedonians prisoners in Salonika,

arrested for no crime save their nationality, and many thousands more, you say, are scattered in the prisons of the isles.

The accredited correspondent of the "Near East" in Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, a newspaper which has never shown any Greek bias, and a writer who has avoided exaggeration, writes, under date October 31st—"About three thousand Bulgarians, captured by the Greeks in the recent campaign, arrived at Varna yesterday. . . . They narrate horrible tales of their life in Greece, and state that they have been confined on an island, where their rations have consisted of dry bread, and that not of the best quality. Fifteen hundred prisoners still remain in Greece, but these are sick and wounded men."

In another part of the newspaper, an account is given of Bulgarians from Sofia attempting to get into Salonika, but being turned back by the Greeks; meanwhile they are given flour by the Greeks until such time as they can return to Bulgaria.

From these it would appear that the Bulgarians written of in your article are either non-existent or are unknown to the correspondent of the "Near East," or why should he write of only fifteen hundred prisoners still remaining in Greece?

As a matter of fact, a state of war still exists in Macedonia—as active if not as extended as during the Kitchener régime in South Africa—and while the Concert allows us still to assume that peace has been achieved, it is not so, and therefore it is too soon to expect that conditions which can only exist under peace shall obtain now and shall be complete. Whatever else is uncertain, one thing has all along been predictable—the conquering nations would not be permitted to remain in peaceful occupation of their conquests in Macedonia, as no single town or village has ever been populated entirely by one nationality or even religion, and Salonika is a good example of what underground intrigues can bring about. We in Western Europe may hardly pass judgment until more is known, not only of what go by the name of facts, but what lies behind these facts. Englishmen and Americans actually dwelling in the midst of these scenes of turmoil are in the dark; how easy, therefore, is it for those who, in all good faith, pay visits to the country and profess to see everything, to come away with but imperfect ideas of the springs of the actions of Governments and the reasons for sporadic outbreaks of violence.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

Blundellsands,

November 9th, 1913.

[The "Near East" was describing the return of the captured Bulgarian soldiers to Bulgaria. The 3,000 prisoners to whom we referred are natives of Macedonia and civilians, who have now become, by annexation, Greek subjects. We have before us a letter from a European who lately visited one of the prisons, and describes the wretched plight of these prisoners. We have also seen copies of statements made by some released civilian prisoners, most of whom bought their way out by bribery.]

Our correspondent has not fully understood the other passage in the "Near East" to which he refers. Some of the Bulgaro-Macedonians who have been supplied with flour by the Greeks are natives of Kukush, chiefly women, children, and old men. When the Greek army burned that town, they took refuge in the Catholic Orphanage, and have been kept there ever since as close prisoners. Meanwhile the sites of their houses are being allotted by the Greeks to others.

We hear for the first time that a state of active war exists in Greek Macedonia. No news of fighting has reached us to confirm this statement.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE SPANISH POSITION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a Spanish subject, I must ask your indulgence to allow me to reply to the reference in the columns of your last issue to Señor Maura, the ex-Premier.

You say: "There is one point upon which public opinion in Spain is resolute, and nearly unanimous. It will not, under any circumstances, tolerate the return to power of Señor Maura, the murderer of Ferrer and the leader of the reaction."

To refer to this statesman as a murderer is a cruel libel. Indeed, the whole statement quoted here is based upon a gross lack of insight into Spanish affairs. The revolutionist, Ferrer, was condemned to death by a military tribunal, set up in strict accordance with the laws of our nation, and this tribunal observed, even in an exaggerated degree, the most minute provisions of the Code. Señor Maura had no more connection with the execution of this ordinary criminal than had Mr. Asquith, for instance, with the imposition of the penalty on Dr. Crippen.

Only a number of third-rate Belgian freethinkers and a small minority of obscure and mediocre Spanish scientists, such as Dr. Simarro, took part in the campaign of bluff and slander which has to-day reached such proportions as to receive the credence of the editor of so serious and respectable a journal as THE NATION.

Señor Maura has never been a leader of reaction, but, as leader of the Liberal-Conservative Party, has been keenly combated by the reactionaries. He is the author of the most liberal Spanish social laws in recent years, and, not very long ago, he defended, against the late Liberal Premier, Señor Canalejas, the right of workmen to strike.

The lofty personal character of the ex-Premier is not disputed even by his political foes, and his influence upon the public opinion, which you say is so unanimous against him, is enormous. Only a group of professional politicians and certain newspapers associated with the most diverse parties, constituting together something in the nature of a political Tammany, have opposed Señor Maura. This opposition, as is well known by people on the spot in Spain, has been due simply to their knowledge of the ex-Premier's high character, and to their fear of a clean and straightforward Government.

When the ex-Premier's biography comes to be written, and the strong light of accurate knowledge is shed upon his career, the English people will learn that this much-vilified and distinguished statesman has not only not wielded a reactionary social and political influence, but has quietly stood for all the democratic and progressive ideals possible in Spain of to-day.

As a matter of fact, Spaniards generally cared nothing about the execution of Ferrer, who, far from realizing the character of a social liberator which he has assumed since his demise, was little other than a commonplace, crude, but nevertheless dangerous, anarchist, closely concerned with the bomb-throwing outrage against King Alfonso and his English Queen on their wedding-day, as little as the English populace cared for the fate of Peter the Painter and his colleagues in the Sydney Street "bombardment" and fire.—Yours, &c.,

J. F. DE LEQUERICA.

14, Barons Court Road, West Kensington, W.
November 10th, 1913.

THE CHINESE CRISIS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I take the opportunity of the unexpected *coup d'état* by Yuan-Shi-Kai to remind English people of two important facts? The controversial questions—that the Chinese are incapable of parliamentary government, that "foreign rule" is necessary for the present state of Chinese affairs, that the whole revolutionary movement was only engineered by a few half-educated leaders, and that desire for change was only cherished by a few agitators—are irrelevant to my present discussion. What the Chinese want, and what all friends of humanity have sympathy with, is a political organization of a high type, unhampered by any autocratic rule, and, at the same time, fostering the development of free institutions that the Chinese villages and guilds used to be proud of. Public opinion and political machinery, as we know, cannot be fabricated in a day. It is on this ground that I criticise Yuan-Shi-Kai's action as most atrocious and intolerable. Fearing that the Chinese, who have fought, consciously or unconsciously, for liberty, will have to overthrow the enemy of liberty, I venture, as I have said, to suggest two facts of great importance.

First, the tone of the English press has been on most friendly terms with Yuan; the "Times," especially, loads him with encomium of the most ridiculous kind. Foreigners, it seems, pronounced the final judgment on Chinese politics

that Yuan is the only powerful man to cope with the chaotic condition of Chinese affairs. The agents of European capitalists have very remarkably silenced the English press as regards Yuan's ignominious measures. By pressing a loan to our throat—I admit that the Chinese Government needs money, but not necessarily that of a "corner"—by securing control on the salt monopoly, and, what is most important, by upholding Yuan and supplying him with funds for all kinds of ignoble use, they have got what they and the European capitalist want. The question is how are the Chinese people now?

Secondly, since the appointment of Dr. Morrison as an adviser, foreign advisers around Yuan, I understand, have become legion. It has been humorously said that almost all the foreigners in Peking are appointed as advisers of this or that branch of administration. Whether the advisers are competent, whether they have any knowledge of our social, economic, or political system, or whether they are students of science, or art, or politics, I do not propose here to inquire. One thing demands our attention: What is the consequence of these appointments? Centuries ago, our sage, Mencius, well said, in reply to a disciple of his who was in the Government office of a feudal State: "If your words are followed, stay; if not, go!" The fact that a horde of foreigners, with or without any function, is paid out of the public purse, filled by borrowed money, will be deeply resented by the Chinese, who know their own business.

Bearing these two things in mind, the Chinese will be most interested to know what the fastidious foreign critics will say when the Chinese fail in the trial of parliamentary government, and what pretext the European Powers will seize upon to interfere with our home politics, provided that another civil war breaks out, and Yuan is overthrown.—Yours, &c.,

PIERRE.

November 7th, 1913.

P.S.—It is most exasperating to read the leader of the "Times" of November 7th, saying that "Yuan-Shi-Kai's assertion of an effective Dictatorship, however unconstitutional, will be generally approved." Yes; it was probably approved by Yuan's own clique and his useful advisers. Between those who hail Yuan as the "preserver of law and order" and those who don't, because he violates law and is in disorder, there is a radical difference of principle, not merely the standpoint of view.

P.

BORROW'S SPANISH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your reviewer, speaking of Borrow, says: "As to his Spanish, for instance, in his letters he always addresses his wife as 'carreta,' which means 'carthorse,' instead of 'carita,' which means 'my dear.'" Now, "carreta" does not mean "horse" of any kind, but a cart of the long, low, flat shape which we know as a lorry; and no one in Spain would use "carita" as "my dear"; the word "carita," if used at all, is the feminine diminutive of "caro," which does mean "dear," but now-a-days only in the sense of "costly." Dear, in the sense of beloved, is *querido*, *queridu*, the past participle of the verb "querer," to love.

If Borrow applied "carreta" to his wife, this may have been, as your reviewer suggests, an example of his lumbering humor, but he cannot be made responsible for muddling up the cart with the horse, or suggesting the use of the impossible "carita" for my dear.—Yours, &c.,

R. J. F.

91, Gunterstone Road,
West Kensington, W.
November 10th, 1913.

GERMANY AND THE NAVAL HOLIDAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At this moment, when nearly every number of THE NATION contains a reference to the abolition of the Rights of Inspection, Seatch, and Prize Money, will you allow me to remind your readers that so long ago as September 3rd, 1910, you published, as a special supple-

ment, a translation I had made of an article by Prof. Lugo Brentano of Munich, in which he warned his English fellow-Liberals of the effect on German feeling and German armaments of England's persistent (since 1856) refusal to relinquish these survivals of authorized piracy? My reason for reverting to that article (and to a similar one I had published, equally unnoticed, in the "Saturday Westminster," of June 25th, 1910) is that while Lord Loreburn's and Mr. Hirst's recent books insist particularly on the danger which these old piratical rights constitute to the commerce of England herself, Prof. Brentano's criticism dealt with the danger they represented to Germany, and the armaments which their continued existence obliged even Liberal and Anglophil Germans to sanction in sheer self-defence. A conversation I have just had with Professor Brentano at Munich shows me that he has not in the least altered the opinion he had expressed in 1910, and that, so long as England refuses to establish the principle of the inviolability of private property by sea, all talk of naval holidays and so forth must sound mere twaddle or worse to the ears of even the most liberal and anti-militarist of Germans. This opinion of a veteran German economist and lover of England ought surely to be added to the other reasons which allow one to hope that the inviolability of private property by sea, already advocated by Cobden, may at last become an express item of the English Liberal programme.—Yours, &c.,

VERNON LEE.

November 8th, 1913.

THE R. T. S. BREAKFASTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—With reference to your very interesting review of Lady Southwark's "Reminiscences," published in your last issue, may I point out that even "in this softer age," the Committee of the Religious Tract Society still breakfasts every Tuesday morning at eight o'clock (as it has done for the past 114 years) at the Society's Offices, as a preliminary to its arduous official duties.

There is, however, a merciful dispensation, in that the Society's editors are exempt from "the performance of such vigorous exercises" every week.—Yours &c.,

FLORA KLICKMANN.

The Religious Tract Society,
4, Bouverie Street, E.C.
November 12th, 1914.

A DUBLIN DISTRESS FUND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May we appeal to your readers on behalf of the 80,000 women and children now in grievous distress, consequent on the labor dispute in Dublin?

The Board of Trade inquiry, held at Dublin Castle under the presidency of Sir George Askwith, issued its Report on October 6th. This Report, while deprecating some of the methods used by the men, described the conditions insisted on by the employers as "contrary to individual liberty, and which no workman, or body of workmen, could reasonably be expected to accept."

Whatever may have been the faults on either side before October 6th, it is a plain truth that on and since that date the workmen have expressed their willingness to accept the Report of the Board of Trade inquiry as a basis of negotiation. The employers, up to now, have refused to negotiate on that basis.

During the past month, gallant and generous help has kept the workers and their families from actual starvation, and they have been supplied, as far as possible, with ready cooked food, so as to spare their scanty fuel.

Now cold weather comes on us, and the need for fires, blankets, and warm clothing. In many cases, even the children's underclothing was pawned in the early days of the distress.

We would ask the attention of your readers to the facts that we lay before them, and appeal to their pity for the women and children, who suffer because of the dispute.

Subscriptions may be sent to Drummond's Bank, 49, Charing Cross, London, W.C., or to either of the two Hon. Treasurers of the Fund, namely, Erskine Childers, Esq., 13,

Embankment Gardens, Chelsea, London, S.W., and Miss Mabel Dickinson, 6, East Chapel Street, Curzon Street, London, W. Cheques should be made payable to "The Dublin Distress Fund."—Yours, &c.,

ELEANOR ACLAND (Mrs. Francis Acland).

ANNA BARLOW (Hon. Lady Barlow).

HENRY BENTINCK (Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P.).

R. J. CAMPBELL.

ERSKINE CHILDERS.

LOUISE CREIGHTON (Mrs. Creighton).

T. C. FRY (The Dean of Lincoln).

ALICE STOPFORD GREEN (Mrs. J. R. Green).

ALEXANDER W. LAWRENCE (Sir Alexander Lawrence, Bart.)

J. SCOTT LIDGETT.

EDWARD LINCOLN (The Bishop of Lincoln).

JOHN MASEFIELD.

E. D. MOREL.

C. OXON (The Bishop of Oxford).

C. M. TREVELYAN.

MARY A. WARD (Mrs. Humphry Ward).

W. B. YEATS.

Poetry.

THE HEART'S EXIGENCE.

I KNEW not what my heart was crying
All the long way I went unblest—
A dark diviner, prophesying
Some good not imaged or exprest.

A sea-bird whom the egg deliver'd
Far from the sea in leafy lands,
Gracious and green and tranquil-river'd,
To ministry of nurturing hands,

Knows not what anguish of strange passion
Assails him, or what thing unseen
His blindly groping guess would fashion
Beyond smooth walks and steadfast green.

Only sometimes the sky in flashes
Gives utterance—the scudding white—
The gale that gathers voice and crashes
Among the tree-tops, shadow and light

That sweep the silver summer grasses,
The savor of something in the wind,
Have meaning in them that surpasses
His reach, suggestion undefined.

What if at last his fosterer bore him
Down to the great sea's fringe of foam,
Set in a moment wide before him
The freedom of his natural home?—

The wet enormous rollers breaking,
Wild manes that, upward flung, emerge
One still beyond the other, making
Against the sky a fretted verge!

A sound wherein sounds many mingle,
Surf-smother'd rock and reboant cave,
The long sigh of the wave-swept shingle,
The conquering tumult of the wave!

Lights, gleams and shadows, shifting, changing,
Translucent jasper, sheen of steel!
Great winds that have all heaven for ranging,
Sharp with salt spray, and life to feel!

O what would come to pass within him
That hour of wonder in that place!
What joy o'erwhelm, what rapture win him!—
I know, for I have seen Thy Face.

EDWYN BEVAN.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton." By the Earl of Lytton. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.)
 "The Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham." By Basil Williams. (Longmans. 2 vols. 25s. net.)
 "Letters of Charles Eliot Norton, with Biographical Comment." Edited by Sara Norton and M. A. De Wolfe Howe. (Constable. 2 vols. 21s. net.)
 "Buddhist China." By R. F. Johnston. (Murray. 15s. net.)
 "A Naturalist in Western China." By E. H. Wilson. (Methuen. 2 vols. 30s. net.)
 "Goldwin Smith: His Life and Opinions." By Arnold Haultain. (Laurie. 18s. net.)
 "St. Bernardino of Siena." By A. G. Ferrers Howell. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Round About a Pound a Week." By Mrs. Pember Reeves. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Behind the Veil in the Russian Court." By Count Paul Vassili. (Cassell. 16s. net.)
 "A Bookman's Letters." By W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder & Stoughton. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "Clio, A Muse and Other Essays." By G. M. Trevelyan. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "The World of Labor: A Discussion of the Present and Future of Trade Unionism." By G. D. H. Cole. (Bell. 5s. net.)
 "Irish Literary and Musical Studies." By A. P. Graves. (Elkin Mathews. 6s. net.)
 "Knave of Hearts." By Arthur Symons. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)
 "Hagar." By Mary Johnston. (Constable. 6s.)
 "Le Plateau de Laque." Par Henri de Régnier. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)
 "De la Terreur au Consulat." Par Ernest Daudet. (Paris: Emile-Paul. 3 fr. 50.)

WHEN we remember the large place held by translation in the world of books, it is a matter for surprise that there is so little discussion of the principles of the art. This was not always the case. Our critical literature can boast of its long series of translators' prefaces from Dryden to Jowett, and of such notable contributions to the theory of translation as Lord Woodhouselee's "Essay on the Art of Translation"—accessible in "Everyman's Library"—and Matthew Arnold's book "On Translating Homer." But, except for an occasional review article, such as that on "Translation and Paraphrase" which Lord Cromer reprints in his "Political and Literary Essays," published last week by Messrs. Macmillan, little attention is now given to the subject. Possibly the explanation is to be found in the common view that translation is a sort of hack-work which can be done well enough by men of no great ability. At any rate, the gibes against translators have been numerous and witty. Madame de Lafayette thought a translator was like a stupid footman delivering a pretty message to his mistress, "the more delicate the compliment, the surer he is to blunder"; and was it not Sydney Smith who said that there is nothing except a bishop that does not lose by being translated? Denham expressed the general view in the lines:

"Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few, but such as cannot write, translate."

It needs little reflection to see how false this view is. Translation worthy of the name, as Dr. Warren claims in an excellent essay on the subject, has its proper place, and that no mean one, in the hierarchy of letters. And so far from translation being attempted only by those who cannot write, it is nearer the mark to say that nearly all our great poets and most of our great writers of prose have been translators. Taking only the later nineteenth century, we find that Browning, Rossetti, William Morris, Swinburne, Carlyle, FitzGerald, Pater, and George Eliot translated. Almost every modern scholar of distinction is a translator, and the work of Professor Gilbert Murray alone is a sufficient answer to Mark Pattison's gibe that the most lazy of all modes of dealing with the classics is translating them. He has set a standard in translation that makes quite as severe demands upon a writer as is made by original composition.

YET notwithstanding the mass of translation and its influence in literature, we are still far from general agreement upon its nature and principles. All translators agree

that a perfect translation should produce on the reader an impression similar to that produced by the original. But it is universally admitted that a perfect translation is an impossibility. How far, then, is fidelity to an author's thought to be preserved at the expense of his manner and style? The question has received very different answers. On the one hand, it has been maintained that it is a translator's duty to retain all the faults of the original, and to follow it closely even in the arrangement and construction of the sentences. On the other hand, there have been translators like d'Alembert who protested against the idea that they should regard themselves only as the copyists, rather than as the rivals, of the authors whom they translate. They held it to be their duty to embellish the original as far as possible, and to remove its defects.

PROBABLY, most people will agree that the proper course for a translator to follow lies between these two extremes. Lord Cromer quotes Dryden's words on the subject:

"A translator," says Dryden, "that would write with any force or spirit of an original, must never dwell on the words of his author. He ought to possess himself entirely, and perfectly comprehend the genius and sense of his author, the nature of the subject, and the terms of the art or subject treated of; and then he will express himself as justly, and with as much life, as if he wrote an original; whereas he who copies word for word loses all the spirit in the tedious transference."

Lord Cromer believes that, broadly speaking, this principle holds good for prose translations, but that experience has shown that, except in rare instances, a resort to paraphrase is necessary in translations in verse. The extent to which paraphrase needs to be employed, he thinks, will largely depend upon whether the language into which the translation is made furnishes epithets and expressions that are rhythmical and correspond to those of the original. He cites Cory's rendering of the famous verses by Callimachus on Heraclitus as an admired and poetic translation which is really a paraphrase.

LORD WOODHOUSELEE, in the book we have mentioned, lays down three main laws to be observed by all translators:—

- "I. That the Translation should give a complete transcript of the ideas of the original work.
- "II. That the style and manner of writing should be of the same character with that of the original.
- "III. That the Translation should have all the ease of the original."

These rules lay down the highest ideal; but, as Professor Ramsay points out in the preface to his admirable translation of Tacitus, their author interprets them with so much freedom that he really belongs to the "embellishing" school of translators. Professor Ramsay rejects the theory that it is the business of a translator to produce a charming book. Fidelity to the thought must be his first and paramount aim, and, "that attained, he may consider how far it is possible to reproduce the manner and style of the original." He agrees with Jebb that "there are places where a translation, although in prose, cannot combine literal with essential accuracy," and that in such places the translator must subordinate the letter to the spirit of his author.

"THE first requisite of an English translation," said Jowett, "is that it should be English." Unluckily, this first requisite is absent from many of the versions of contemporary French and German authors. They are written not in English but in what Dr. Warren happily calls "translation English." Publishers who are unwilling to pay for competent work are partly responsible for this. The fees paid to translators are in some cases so small as to make it impossible to secure careful and considered versions. But the chief blame lies with the public. As long as they are content to put up with slipshod and unidiomatic renderings, no improvement will be made. Matthew Arnold wrote years ago that one of the causes of the superiority of the average French translation to the average translation produced in this country was to be found in the existence of the French Academy. We have now a British Academy, but it does not seem to have made any improvement in this respect. Yet it is precisely in such matters as in raising the average level of translation that the British Academy ought to make its influence felt.

Reviews.

THE ROAD MAKER.

"The Life of Florence Nightingale." By Sir EDWARD COOK.
(Macmillan. 2 Vols. 30s. net.)

It is impossible to do justice to this delightful book in a single article. It is so full, so varied; it contains such a worthy record of a great character and a long, laborious career of active work that the limits of a review can do no more than call attention to some of its chief features. A mere recital of a few of these should send countless men and women to the book itself; it will well repay careful and studious reading and re-reading. It is a book to have, not a book to hire.

Sir Edward Cook tells us in his introduction that he has endeavored to depict a character as well as to record a career. He has succeeded in his task; and he has done more. He has shown the gradual development of a new civilization, in which women, and the masses of the common people, men and women alike, have an entirely new position and new chances and a new outlook on life.

Florence Nightingale, even in childhood, had a sense of a call from God, "some appointed mission of self-dedication to the service of God" (p. 15). Very early, too, she recorded her determination to use her life to make things better for women. "I must strive," she wrote, "after a better life for women" (p. 102); and by a better life, she meant freer conditions in which an individual woman should have, as far as possible, a genuine opportunity to use to the best purpose for the welfare of mankind the best faculties and powers with which her Creator had endowed her. Later, she put on record her support of woman suffrage and her approval of women doctors. Sir Edward Cook has some wise words of his own on her rejection of marriage as suitable for herself. When she sought a "better life for women," she did not mean a better life than marriage; she meant a life which should make the conditions of marriage better; a life in which girls should not be forced into marriage as a means of escape from a narrow home-life, deficient in real responsibility, interest, and variety.

"By throwing open new spheres of usefulness to women, Miss Nightingale hoped at one and the same time to improve the lot of those who were marked out to be wives, and to find satisfaction for those who were marked out for the single life" (p. 103).

How much she contributed to the accomplishment of this great end will be seen by the reader of the book itself as he turns the pages. She found the women of the wealthier classes condemned to

"A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,
Accounting that to leap from perch to perch
Was act and joy enough for any bird."

Before the end of her long life the cage had been opened, the birds had flown, and at every step and stage of the struggle, Florence Nightingale stood staunchly on the side of freedom, and had, above all, by her incomparable example of thoroughness, devotion, and painstaking accuracy, done much to illustrate the value of women's work, and to show what any nation loses—what nearly all nations have lost in the long centuries gone by—when they have condemned large masses of women to the cage-bird life, instead of welcoming them into the ranks of active service, encouraging them to find out what is the best work they are capable of, and then prepare themselves to do it.

When Florence Nightingale returned from the Crimea and all England rang with her praises, there was one expression concerning her which always raised her anger. It was when people spoke of the extraordinary "self-sacrifice" she had shown in quitting the drawing-rooms and boudoirs of the comfortable country houses in which her girlhood had been spent, in order to stand by the beds of wounded soldiers at Scutari and fight desperately with the wooden-headed officials to bring about reforms in hospital administration and management, which would reduce the sufferings of these gallant lads, and save the lives of many of them. This was no sacrifice: it was the fulfilment of her dearest wishes, and brought with it intense joy—the joy of a strong, brave spirit, which finds, for the first time, a free scope for its development. Misery and real depression, amounting almost to melancholia, were not unknown to her: she had

been through them all in the years during which her father, mother, and elder sister successfully resisted her strong desire to train herself for what she felt was to be her life's work. Again and again she tried to get away from the life of small things to which they wished to confine her. Her father secretly sympathized with her, but had not the strength to swim against the domestic stream.

"My misery and vacuity," she wrote, "are indescribable. All my plans have been wrecked and my hopes destroyed."

A little later, in June, 1846, she wrote in her diary that if she could give up her life to nursing, or any other service to the afflicted, she "would need no other heaven." Her parents—her mother especially—treated her desire as they might have done if she had wanted to become a kitchen-maid (p. 60). She admired and loved them, but she felt that an impassable gulf separated her from them.

"My God," she wrote, "what is to become of me? . . . In my 31st year I see nothing desirable but death. . . . O weary days! O evenings that never seem to end! For how many years have I watched that drawing-room clock and thought it would never reach the ten! And for twenty or thirty years more to have to do this!" (p. 106).

Sir Edward Cook's pages tell us how her father at last gave way. He had watched her masterfulness and determination with interest and admiration. But while he sympathized, he also trembled. "Better write to me at the Athenæum, so as not to excite inquiry" is the postscript to one of his letters. But, after a long struggle, she carried her point and left her home; and her father—good man!—made her an allowance of £500 a year.

From this time, after her declaration of independence and the beginning of her serious training for the work of her life, there is never a syllable, in diary or letters, which denotes anything but happiness and satisfaction. A New Year's letter of 1854 says:—

"I have never repented or looked back, not for one moment. And I begin the new year with more true feeling of a Happy New Year than ever I had in my life."

After leaving home, she immediately began training as a nurse; first at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, under Pastor Fliedner and his wife, and afterwards at the Maison de la Providence in Paris; then, returning to London, she undertook the post of Superintendent of the Harley Street Hospital for Sick Gentlemen—an excellent institution which had fallen into some disorder through mismanagement. She stayed there fourteen months, and succeeded in placing the domestic, financial, and sanitary affairs of the little hospital on a sound footing. It was at Harley Street, in October, 1854, that her call to the Crimea came. The story has often been told how Mr. Sidney Herbert, then Secretary for War, wrote to Miss Nightingale, asking her to undertake the work of evolving order out of chaos in the Military Hospital at Scutari, and how his letter crossed one from her to him, offering her services. This was on October 15th, 1854. On October 21st she started for the Crimea, accompanied by a band of forty-two trained nurses.

The war had begun in the spring of that year. The Battle of the Alma was fought on September 20th. There were, of course, the usual rejoicings for the victory; but, very soon, the letters of Mr. W. H. Russell, the famous "Times" correspondent, changed these rejoicings to anger and dismay. No preparations had been made for the proper care of the sick and wounded. The hospital at Scutari in which they were lodged was on ground honeycombed with ancient, untrapped drains and cesspools. It was swarming with rats. Florence Nightingale became an expert rat-killer. Russell wrote:—

"The manner in which the sick and wounded are treated is worthy only of the savages of Dahomey. . . . The worn out old pensioners [Chelsea Pensioners] who were brought out as an ambulance corps are totally useless, and not only are surgeons not to be had, but there are no dressers or nurses to attend on the sick during the intervals between the visits."

Quantities of "medical comforts" had been shipped in London for the use of the army, but there was no co-ordination between the different departments of the War Office, and no method observed in the packing of stores, so that lint, linen, and other medical appliances, were often buried on board ship under tons of shot and shell and other warlike stores. There they lay useless in the holds of the ships, and were taken on to Balaclava Bay, instead of being unshipped at Scutari. It is unnecessary here to give many details of

the muddle-headed mess of maladministration which characterized the medical service and the commissariat of the British Army in the Crimean War. But it took a long time to rouse the ordinary official mind out of its complacency. Dr. John Hall, afterwards Sir John Hall (Miss Nightingale used to say that K.C.B. meant, she supposed, Knight of the Crimean Burial Grounds), from the first strongly disapproved of Miss Nightingale's appointment, and attempted to thwart her and to undermine her authority. He resented offers of assistance as slurs upon his own preparations. The principal medical officer at Scutari was quite satisfied that all due medical and surgical preparations for the war had been made; this was at a time when his patients were destitute of the commonest necessities. The idea that deficiencies in the medical and surgical services could be supplied by voluntary subscriptions from home was scouted as entirely unnecessary. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe replied to inquiries that "Nothing was needed," and that the best use to make of funds subscribed at home would be to build an English Church at Pera! In the meantime, Miss Nightingale was supplying from her own resources knives, forks, cups, utensils of all descriptions, sheets, linen, lint, and every kind of necessary. She was setting up special kitchens and a laundry; before her arrival, the number of shirts washed in a month was six. The atmosphere in the hospital was so foul that Miss Nightingale said afterwards, in the evidence she gave before the Royal Commission, that she had never experienced anything like it in the poorest slums of London and other great cities. The men were dying by the score of hospital gangrene. One military officer was intensely amused at the idea of women nurses being brought out to the Crimea, and his hilarity was increased when he heard that their first requisition had been for 200 scrubbing brushes! "As to their ideas of nursing, some of the ladies actually took to scrubbing floors!" wrote this worthy (p. 168). The notion that cleanliness was indispensable to successful surgery had not taken any hold of the military mind in 1854.

Into all this muddle and ignorance, Florence Nightingale came with her quiet manner and indomitable will, and with her determination that the lives of our men (her children, she called them) should not be thrown away by sheer mismanagement and incapacity. She says herself that she expected to find herself, when she landed at Scutari, the matron of a hospital, but that she really became the mistress of a barrack. She was possessed of an original mind and a determined will; she not only remedied the evils with which she was confronted, but she also sought and found their causes, and the whole of her long life, after she had returned from the Crimea, was devoted to modifying or removing them.

The death-rate among the sick and wounded soldiers was appallingly high. Of the total loss of 20,656, only 2,598 were slain in battle; 18,058 died in hospital. Of these, she reckoned that 16,000 had been unnecessarily sacrificed—"murdered" was her own word. Hideous as the things were in the hospital at Scutari, they were at least as bad at the front—in the trenches before Sebastopol. Sir Evelyn Wood has lately (October 26th, 1913) spoken of his own experiences. Describing what the Essex Regiment had suffered, he said they had lost more than half their numbers by sheer starvation and want of proper clothing. In another regiment, in eight companies seventy-three men had died out of every hundred from preventable causes. Those who survived were so weak and listless that they could hardly be induced to exert themselves even to obtain cover from fire!

Mr. Mackenzie, author of a "History of the Nineteenth Century," states that several regiments became extinct. One had only seven men left fit for duty. Another had thirty. The mortality among the sick on board the transports was appalling. In a voyage of seven days, one man out of every four died.

All these horrors burnt into Miss Nightingale's soul. She wrote in her private notes: "I stand at the altar of the murdered men; and while I live, I fight their cause." She was unsparing of herself. In her fight with death, she would sometimes remain on her feet twenty hours at a stretch, attending to the wounded, or on her knees, for six or eight hours at a time, beside the men who were undergoing operations.

But she did much more than this. She rested not after

her return till she had brought home to the military authorities that, disgraceful to them as was the high mortality from sickness during war, it was still more disgraceful that the death-rate among men in the prime of life in barracks during peace should be far more than double that of the civil population. She had a passion, almost from childhood, for exact statistical information, and she used statistics with great force and power. When the Royal Commission on the Health of the Army was appointed, she brought before it a comparison between the civil and military mortality in certain London parishes, and showed that while in St. Pancras the civil rate was 2·2, the rate in the barracks of the 2nd Life Guards was 10·4. In Kensington the civil rate was 3·3, in the Knightsbridge Barracks it was 17·5 (p. 361, Vol. I.).

It is a commonplace of the twentieth century that the special service of women to humanity is the giving or the preserving of life. To every woman a human life is something specially and peculiarly sacred. To give it, some woman has faced death and the pains of hell, which are so appropriately quoted in the service for the churching of women. Recklessly to throw away what has been bought at so great a price is to every true woman the unforgivable sin, the blackest sacrilege. But it is only since the dawn of the woman's movement that this point of view, now so obvious, has gained general recognition. In the administration of public affairs and in the making of laws, every nation needs the woman's eye, the woman's point of view, as well as the man's, if the subjects dealt with are to be seen in their true proportions.

Florence Nightingale was a true pioneer, a road-maker, and we are all walking along the ways which she was among the first to plan out and survey. After her work in the Crimea was over, the rest of her long life was devoted to improving the sanitary conditions for the Army, both at home and in India, to securing for "her children," the soldiers, that they should be treated like human beings, and not like brute beasts. She fought for their souls as well as their bodies. In the Crimea she started savings banks and means to admit of the men sending money home to their families in the teeth of military opposition. She secured that their barracks at home should be lighted with gas in lieu of the "two dips," which just made darkness visible, and did not admit of any rational employment or recreation. She started soldiers' libraries, and procured writing materials, games, &c., for them. She strenuously opposed the Contagious Diseases Acts, which she wrote of as "the accursed thing." Sir John McNeill said of her that what she did at Scutari was but a trifle compared with what she did for the nation and the army after her return home. She had the clearest head and the most incisive way of putting the conclusions at which she had arrived. Queen Victoria's saying has often been quoted: "I wish we had her at the War Office." The Queen gave her a brooch after the Crimea, and the Sultan of Turkey gave her a bracelet; the nation gave her £44,000, which she devoted to the foundation of the Nightingale School of Nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital. To speak of honors and rewards in connection with Florence Nightingale is something of an impertinence. She did not work for honors or rewards but for the work's sake, as all great work must be done. But for extraordinary ineptitude, the so-called honors and rewards offered to Florence Nightingale, with the exception of the nursing fund just mentioned, are very hard to beat. The little jewels from sovereigns have just been mentioned. When she was eighty-seven, and "memory, sight, and mental apprehension were rapidly failing," a letter was addressed to her by King Edward, offering her the Order of Merit, for the first time bestowed upon a woman. A few months after this the Freedom of the City of London was conferred upon her. It is doubtful in each case whether she understood the nature of the compliment. A satirist might find some amusement in the fact that the sex which attributes to the other a monopoly of vanity and pleasure in stars and gew-gaws, keeps, in general, these things for itself; and if such trifles are given to a woman, they are withheld until extreme old age has made the gift almost meaningless.

The enormous value of her services to the nation are now recognized, and Sir Edward Cook's book places them for ever plainly on record. The book also makes it clear that it was only by a series of lucky accidents that she was ever able to render those services. If she had not belonged to a wealthy family, if she had not possessed the tenacity of will to

carry on for years, and ultimately to succeed in, her rebellion against domestic subjection, England would never have known what it had lost in Florence Nightingale. The meaning of the women's movement is that it reduces this risk, just as the democratic movement reduces the similar risk in the case of the working classes. The women's movement clears away a number of artificial barriers and hindrances which stand in the way of women doing their best work. In proportion as it succeeds, it secures this: that when a woman hears the voice which Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale heard, "Daughter of God, go, go, go! I will help thee, go!" she shall be free to obey the voice and give to her country and the world the very best work of which she is capable. We are getting on. Her enemies burned Joan of Arc; there were men in the Crimea who would cheerfully have burned Florence Nightingale. But the times had changed, and they were not able to have their way.

MILlicent GARRETT FAWCETT.

THE TRAVELLED SCHOLAR.

"The Voice of Africa: Being an Account of the Travels of the German Inner African Expedition in the Years 1910-1912." By LEO FROBENIUS. Translated by RUDOLF BLIND. (Hutchinson. 2 Vols. 28s. net.)

AN assistant in the Science Department of the Bremen Museum, Herr Frobenius, a scholar and, at bottom, an ethnologist, panted after Africa's sunny sands. He tells how his heart leapt with joy when a "young fellow, engaged in a firm of Hamburg shippers," sent him word that he had at hand some real natives from Lagos, who could tell of strange things. Then we hear of interviews with "John" and "James," of talks in a public-house, "whose atmosphere you could have cut with a knife," of the judicious inquirer who led the Lagos men in the right direction, and how he was thrilled when John said: "In my country is every old-time man big stone." Thenceforth was heard a call from afar. Official bonds being broken, and money collected with difficulty, the museum assistant commenced travelling, and enjoyed years of toil for or with German Inner-African Exploration Expeditions. Sometimes with his wife, and sometimes with European engineers, or artists, or both, and, of course, always with native porters and interpreters, the explorer journeyed in distant lands. His book, aided by his map, shows that he sailed round Africa, and then crossed from the Red Sea to Kordofan. He went to Timbuctoo, he traversed the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan, and penetrated the Congo State and French Nigeria. He claims to have found "Byzantine Christian forms" far from Byzantium, to have re-discovered Plato's Atlantis, and to have found Etruscan influences in Equatorial Africa. These things, and others less speculative, are set forth in two well-illustrated, but, alas! indexless, volumes. They are, as the author says, not exactly light literature (in spite of some translator's slang). Herr Frobenius himself is addicted to the apostrophic. He suffers from a too-florid and too-fluent style, and he will wander from his topics. Yet there is much in his book for the archaeologist and the ethnologist, for the student of lower culture in the past and present, for those who think on problems as to subject-races, and even for the general reader if he have a twist for the tropical scene. Here is given "an insight into the inner soul and civilized status of the peoples who inhabit the vast provinces of Northern and Western Africa; and the extraordinary treasures—some of very great beauty—which are to be reft from the bosom of this Dark Continent." The beauty of the treasures and the life of the people are copiously evident in the drawings and photographs.

The first volume deals chiefly with the ancient and modern civilization of Yoruba, near the West Coast of Africa. In the second volume we read of travels inland, of life under pre-Mohammedan civilization, and of strange Pagan survivals. There are early regrets that the English were the first to be in at Benin. Indeed, our author had his own little disputes with the stern English authorities on the West Coast as to certain sacred images, and other things which he had bought from natives. He would fain have "reft" these things "from the bosom of this Dark Continent." But, as we learn in some forty indignant pages,

the British rulers saw otherwise. Herr Frobenius came back without what Mrs. Malaprop would have called his "objects of bigotry and virtue." As he fears, some of his readers do find that chapter "both long and too personal." But, happily, he now sees "the humorous part of the whole business," and so do we. There was the English official and the grinning native policemen, inspectors, interpreters, and the Lagos rabble, who seemed to have grinned continually. In an inquiry, which lasted from "early morn to dewy eve," of course, witnesses had first to be sworn. At once the fun begins:—

"The heathen had to press the Court's pocketknife to his lips, forehead, and bosom, and swear something like this: 'If I say a good (i.e., true) thing, may the God, so-and-so, do good to me. If I say a bad (i.e., untrue) thing, may the God, so-and-so, do me harm.' The Mahomedans had to kiss the Koran, and the Christians a page of the Gospels. It interested me supremely to observe the people at a ceremonial such as this, and I cannot recall any occasion which gave me such an insight into the 'negro soul' or so appalled me with their evil qualities. . . . I noticed many differences in the way they took the oath. Only the fewest did so with dignity. The majority, with true negro slyness, dodged potential perjury. . . . The majority put some palm-oil on their tongues and donned their bracelets and amulets to ward off consequences. This precaution was taken to prevent the special deity invoked by the individual perjuring himself from hearing what he said at all. . . . On being asked what their religion was, the Moslems said they were Christians. Then they kissed a page of the New Testament, and swore by that. *Per contra*, the Christians declared themselves followers of the Prophet, and, accordingly, kissed the Koran. I need scarcely insist that this kind of swearing to the truth then meant nothing whatever to anybody. . . . A sensational incident interrupted this pandemonium of mendacity. One man, who probably had insufficiently palm-oiled his tongue, and lost confidence in the alteration of the formula, took his perjury so dreadfully to heart as to faint. This gave rise to an awful and general hubbub. The inspectors and constables went on grinning with delight. The Oni's suite were aghast and the august potentate was himself so stricken with horror as to rush from under his sheltering canopy, entirely forgetful of his own dignity, towards the man in a swoon."

But the writer at length turns from such trivial matters; and then, amidst his learned and yet vivid descriptions of men and things, we realize the difference between a competent traveller of to-day, who knows what to look for, and the many travellers of earlier generations, who were so often chiefly troubled over "ye beastlie devices of ye heathen." Miss Mary Kingsley, who also went to West Africa, and who made it hers, and ours, advises everyone to read Sir E. B. Tylor's "Primitive Culture" before starting. These two volumes abound in the topics of that book, our great anthropological "Principia." The "Voice of Africa" also affords many new and striking examples, both for such works as Dr. J. G. Frazer's "Golden Bough" and for those who write on the archaeological remains of the countless races which have perished and left no literature behind them. We read of decaying temples, of cruel sacrifices, of cannibalistic orgies, and yet of beautiful bronzes and terra cottas, of workers in the finer arts and their graceful patterns, of taboos and totems, of strange marriage customs, of gods many, and of magic, which even sometimes controls the gods. Once more we see also the prime importance, in savage and barbaric culture, of fertility—human, animal, and vegetable—and the rites and ceremonies used to promote it. We have lately read elsewhere of the persistence or revival of suttee in India. Here we find in Western Africa a living wife joyfully buried with the dead chief, and living slaves with dead masters, in order to provide them with companions in another world. It is not more profitable, but may be more pleasant, to turn to the chapters in which there is a most attractive account of the manners, institutions, and beliefs of the existing Yorubans, here called "the descendants of the gods of Atlantis." They are held by the author, who saw them, to be far superior to the ordinary negro, for they are

"so vivacious and alert, so skilful in the management of life that they may very well be called the nation of practical philosophers of the western half of dusky Africa, people who are as ready with an apt illustration of whatever may be under discussion as the thoughtful peasant of Europe. The Yoruban knows the full import of his children's education, can explain the reason of his every action, and shed the light of its actual consequences on every step taken in life. It is the same sagacity which illuminates his theology on a basis of socialistic totemism; and this is a fact upon which it is impossible to lay sufficient stress."

This leads us on to the gods of races, towns, and families. But, meanwhile, the Yoruban young man has fallen in love, and Herr Frobenius has had to tell what is done with him then. He has, it seems, to work, Jacob-like, for his future father-in-law during five or six years of "villanage," before he can marry and set up housekeeping on his own account. Then the bride and bridegroom go before Orisha, the god of the husband's kindred. He offers up sacrifice acceptable in the sight of that god, sprinkles blood upon the altar, as the ancient ritual requires, and prays:—

"O Father Orisha! My own Father Orisha! Look upon the woman I have married. She is a woman who has suited me. I have taken this woman to wife—make Thou her fruitful. And I will offer up to Thee the animal" (here the suppliant mentions the deity's favorite animal). The man may now rely upon soon seeing his woman with child after having taken this precaution."

The child arrives. Then, as happens in Central Australia and amongst other primitive races, the infant is taken to be an ancestor born again. In due course, the "little chap," with his miniature toy hoe, is taken by the father to the farm; or the little maid squats by "mummy" as she washes, or watches her make the fire and cook, or trots by her side as she brings the water from the well. How mayors are systematically slaughtered on principle, after two years or less of office, how prize-fights are fought with hands and feet, what ritual murder means near the Equator, what caravans drag along there, how dragon-myths flourish still, what masked dances look like, and how vigilant and remorseless missionaries try to stop them; all these things, and many more, can be found here. Harkening to the "Voice of Africa," we learn how high and how low, how infinitely various, and yet how fundamentally the same, man has been, and is, in his painful progress out of darkness into light.

A GREAT BLUE-STOCKING.

"The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington, 1788-1821." Edited by OSWALD G. KNAPP. (Lane. 16s. net.)

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN once said that Mrs. Piozzi's "British Synonymy" was worthless, save for some amusing anecdotes. Yet a work can scarcely be worthless if it gives pleasure after six score years, and, except in "Retrospection," Mrs. Piozzi hardly wrote a dull line. Of her letters, some were published by herself, and others have appeared since her death. These, as Mr. Knapp says, were mostly written to men, and, in writing to men, a Blue-Stocking had a reputation to make or to maintain and a call to display cleverness and learning. The more frank and familiar letters of the present volume help us to understand the writer. They should enhance her reputation as a woman, and at least do no harm to her fame as a lady of cleverness and learning.

The correspondence begins soon after the Piozzis' return from their Continental travels in 1787. The acquaintance of the two ladies soon ripened into a friendship unbroken for fourteen years. For the estrangement which followed there is no evidence that Mrs. Piozzi was to blame. It began with the husbands, and "the wretchedest quarreller on earth," as Mrs. Piozzi truly described herself, was drawn into what she struggled to avoid. When, after fifteen years, there came a reconciliation, Mrs. Pennington wrote to Maria Brown that the character of her friend's mind was "rather kindness than attachment." It was natural for a lady who had perhaps not been quite faultless to seek such an explanation, but other evidence makes it doubtful whether she judged aright. The circumstances of the former half of Mrs. Piozzi's life were such as to suppress affection, but it is clear that they did not dry the fountain. Yet we could hardly blame her if they had. Married to please her mother rather than herself, she found in her husband one who desired sons to carry on his name and his brewery, but did not seek, and would barely tolerate, affection. Two sons were born, but they died in childhood; and the daughters, Thrale's true children, grew up into pointed icicles. The literary circle which Thrale, to his credit, summoned to Streatham, was often ticklish to handle, and, if it contained many that his wife could like, brought her hardly one that she could love.

The continual occupation and her own bent for literature so helped her natural gaiety that she was able to pass the years. She turned her eyes to what was best in her husband, and she did her duty without flinching. When Thrale's miscalculation of his digestive powers ended in an apoplexy, his widow was young enough in heart to find a second April in her life. Her love for Piozzi, which angered her daughters and her friends, should rather move us to admiration, for, as Fanny Burney at least saw beforehand, he was a man worthy of her love. Faced by the opposition of friends, cousins, and children, she at first lacked the courage to go through with the marriage. Poor Piozzi was dismissed to his native land, but his lover languished until the very doctors told her that she must wed or she must die. So Piozzi returned to give to her hungry soul twenty-five years of happiness, clouded only by his gout—no cause of ill-temper, though in the end the cause of death. Widowed a second time, on the verge of seventy, she still had a craving for sympathy and affection. With no child to love, she conceived a mother's feeling for William Augustus Conway, the player, in whom her partiality saw a second John Kemble. An attempt was made long since to represent her affection for Conway in another light. An obscure somebody said that a nameless somebody avowed that Conway had told him that Mrs. Piozzi wrote him a letter in which she offered marriage. Such an offer to a man her junior by nearly half a century would have been little to her credit. Probably, Conway never made the statement. Even if he did, his word is worthless. He had the bad Seymour blood in him, and he had become a religious and suicidal maniac. These letters go far to dispose of the accusation against Mrs. Piozzi. Conway was in love with a woman of his own age, and his septuagenarian friend was his confidant and his encourager. It was probably well for Miss Stratton that she rejected the player.

If, indeed, those who can love must also be able to hate, we should almost be driven to Mrs. Pennington's view. Mrs. Piozzi seems to have been incapable of malice. Baretti rewarded her kindness by libelling her in print and on the boards. His death trod on the heels of his libel, and, in an obituary notice, she gave the unattractive Italian more praise than was his due. Gifford assailed her style and her looks. She contrived to meet him at a dinner-party, and though she may for a moment have enjoyed his embarrassment, she insisted upon a friendly acquaintance. Some of her cousins were what she called "saucy" on her second marriage; but her only revenge was to keep out of their way. On the same occasion Johnson, hounded on by an invincible prejudice, wrote her a letter which no prejudice could excuse. Her reply, not long delayed, was to place upon his grave a wreath brighter even than Boswell's.

And of all the Blue-Stockings this true-hearted woman was assuredly the ablest. She has to her credit the most fascinating of all books of anecdotes, a natural and characteristic style which rejected the pomposities of the Swards and the Montagues, and conversational powers to which the jealous Seward gave such unstinted testimony, that even the less jealous Montague could not have outspoken it. To those who, like Gifford, followed Johnson in preaching that there is only one style, Mrs. Piozzi's writings were "proverbial for their vulgarity" or "showed the vulgarity of unpolished conversation." Gifford made his little fishes talk like whales, and his writings are dead. Mrs. Piozzi's pen obeyed her tongue, and we read her still. As a Blue-Stocking, she was bound to be learned; but she carried her learning lightly. She was often inaccurate; but, though she fought hard when her learning was assailed by misrepresentations, she could acknowledge a mistake when she recognized it as a mistake. The worst that can be said against her taste is that she claims to have set her face against fiction, and that she thought "The Abbot" dull. Still, her age did not prevent her from enjoying the poems of the author of "Waverley."

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CHRISTIANITY IN SCOTLAND.

"A History of the Church in Scotland." Vol. I., 397-1546. By A. R. MACEWEN, D.D., Professor of Church History in New College, Edinburgh. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.)

It is a common fault in writers of Church History to treat the Reformation as a new departure. For the Catholic it is a break with the Catholic past; for the Protestant this past—the Medieval, or "Dark," Age—is a *mare ignotum*: each forgets that the religious process is a unity, and that there is a continuity between the Pre- and the Post-Reformation Church. Certain Anglican writers have urged this; and though their methods have been sectarian rather than scientific, it is a principle essential to the understanding not only of Anglicanism but of the Reformed Churches as a whole. The great merit of Principal Lindsay's "History of the Reformation" was that it struck this note—a note which Dr. Macewen, in this admirable "History of the Church in Scotland," echoes and emphasizes. The Pre-Reformation Scottish Church was not, indeed, Presbyterian; but it contained elements which subsequently coalesced into Presbyterianism. It contained others which combined into other systems; but the former were the more primitive, the more national, and the more representative. Thus, being better adapted to their environment, they prevailed; the result being the Church of Scotland as it is to-day.

"The identification with national life has proved permanent, and has secured continuity, in spite of the elimination of the Celtic elements in the eleventh century, of Romanism in the sixteenth, and of what may be called without invidiousness English Episcopacy at the close of the seventeenth. 'Ecclesia Scoticana' has been a *res-vital* and vitalizing, progressive and national.

"From the beginnings of the nation the distinctive character of the Church was manifest. By the eighth century 'Scoticus mos,' a term which covered Scotie usage on both sides of the Irish Channel, was stigmatised and condemned by the Church officials of South Britain and the Continent. The story of the origin and early development of the 'Ecclesia Scoticana' will show that it stood apart from Catholic Christianity—not deliberately nor even consciously separatist, yet separate; isolated, and in its isolation embodying and perpetuating the Christianity of the nation."

That there were cross-currents is possible; but their failure to deflect the course of the waters is evidence of the strength of the main stream. St. Ninian's connection with Rome did not give permanence to his mission; with Kentigern his disciples and scholars disappeared. Neither Rome nor Britain but Ireland was the source of Scottish Christianity, which from the first had a genius and tendencies of its own. That St. Patrick, like the English Wilfrid, was a Roman missionary has been strongly asserted, and as strongly denied. The question may be left to controversialists.

"If he was consecrated at Rome, and subject to the Roman Obedience, if he organized the Church episcopally and deprived it of its primitive character, his work in these respects was obliterated. At the end of the fifth century, and throughout the sixth, the Church of the Scots in their Irish home was certainly not in subjection to Rome and had no episcopal dioceses. Besides Patrick's wide and brave Evangelism, his triumph consisted in securing a place for Christianity in the clan system, and in entrusting the offices of religion to believing and devoted men."

When with Columba (521-597) indisputable history begins, the distinctive features of Celtic, or Scoto-Irish, Christianity are unmistakable. Each of the three great Churches—the Oriental, the Western (or Latin), and the Celtic—was moulded by the genius of the nations among which it flourished, their geographical position, and their history. The remoteness of the Celts kept them free from Continental influences; their clan system made them impatient of the centralized organization of the diocesan Episcopate and the Papacy; their native mysticism disinclined them to dogma, their independence to law. Hence, a difference of perspective and outlook, which increased as Continental Christendom developed more and more on Latin lines. At first the divergence was unconscious; the Rome of the

sixth century, though moving in the direction of later Romanism, was other than the Rome of to-day.

Of St. Columba, Dr. Macewen says truly:—

"He held no doctrine which can be cited as distinctive. It is unreasonable to quote him in support of Protestantism or Romanism, of Presbyterianism or of Episcopacy. Yet his system and method have a significance which cannot be concealed. They lay apart not only from the theological debates which at that time distracted the Western and the Eastern Church, but from the ritual and organization which Roman and Greek Churchmen have habitually regarded as essential to orthodoxy."

The course of events brought Scotland into the European States-system: the clans survived only in the remoter districts; the Church fell into line with the larger Churches over-sea. But Catholicism of the Latin type was never more than an exotic in the country: what was best in it was foreign to the national temperament, while what was best in this was foreign to what was, from first to last, an alien Church. Continental Christianity was a stage in the evolution of Scottish religion; but it is far from certain that it was a necessary stage: from a religious point of view, the Roman period, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, is the darkest in the history of the Scottish Church. And there was a side of the Reformation which reproduced, under other names, the worst features of the Roman system. The General Assemblies have at times been animated by the spirit of Medieval Councils: the temper of Rainy (to take an example), great as he was in many ways, was Roman; that of the Celt is recognizable in Robertson Smith. It was under Knox that "the little flock began to set itself in order." But the process is still in operation. The position of the rear is indeed other than it was in the sixteenth century; but there is still a van and there is still a rear.

Students of history will look forward with eagerness to the second and concluding volume of this important work.

A LADY OF THE FRONDE.

"The Duchesse de Chevreuse." By LOUIS BATIFFOL. (Heinemann. 10s. net.)

"A Fair Conspirator: Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse." By H. NOEL WILLIAMS. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

If the contemporaries of the Duchesse de Chevreuse had been told that the most sympathetic account of her life was to be written by a nineteenth-century moralist and metaphysician, they would certainly have formed an odd idea of the metaphysics and morals of their posterity. Victor Cousin's "Madame de Chevreuse" was published more than half a century ago, and until this year it has remained without a rival. Even Sainte-Beuve found no room for her in his masterly gallery of portraits. He contents himself with some passing references, though he seems to have felt the attraction of the woman whom he called "the adorable marplot of her time."

However, after a long spell of neglect, Madame de Chevreuse has this year found biographers on both sides of the Channel. Both M. Batiffol and Mr. Noel Williams have given proofs of their skill in historical biography, and if M. Batiffol is the better historian, and gives a clearer impression of Madame de Chevreuse and her times, Mr. Williams has a keen eye for the dramatic possibilities of his narrative, and his book has the further advantage of having been written for English readers. Each generation views history from a different angle. Victor Cousin was inclined to look with a lenient eye on his heroine's frailties; in the books before us she is drawn in less favorable colors, but she still remains the woman who, as M. Batiffol puts it, "sent forth some heady perfume that had the gift of disturbing the staidest heart," and who did more than anybody else to shackle the policy of Richelieu and Mazarin.

Madame de Chevreuse entered the political stage at a moment well suited to a woman of her temperament. Louis XIII.'s minority had just ended. Richelieu was inaugurating the policy that was to bring about the transition from the feudal monarchy to the absolute monarchy in France, and the great families, the Montmorencys, the Rohans, the Vendômes, the La Rochefoucaults, were in secret or open revolt. The accession of a single individual

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to the one side or the other was often a matter of importance, and affairs of gallantry were inextricably mixed up with affairs of State. In the case of Madame de Chevreuse intrigue was always at the service of love. "I have heard her say," wrote Madame de Motteville, "that no ambition had ever touched her heart, and that she had followed her own pleasure—that is to say, that she had interested herself in affairs solely out of consideration for the persons who had been dear to her." And Cardinal de Retz, a more prejudiced witness, went still further. "If the Duchesse de Chevreuse," he said, "had been born into the world in a century when there had been no affairs of State, it would never have entered her head that such things existed." But affairs of State did exist, and the number of persons dear to Madame de Chevreuse were many. From the Ladies' Cabal to the disgrace of Fouquet, she had her finger in every pie. Louis XIII. and Richelieu both felt her fascination, and both knew her enmity. She was indeed an antagonist who could not be despised. When Louis XIII., three weeks before his death, drew up the abortive Declaration by which Anne of Austria was refused authority as Regent, he made special mention of Madame de Chevreuse. "Seeing it is our intention," he wrote, "to provide for all the subjects which might in any manner disturb the good settlement we here make, our knowledge of the evil conduct of the Lady Duchess of Chevreuse and of the artifices she has hitherto used to make quarrels within our kingdom . . . leads us to judge it wise to forbid her" to re-enter French territory. And seventeen years later, when Mazarin was concluding a treaty with Spain, he was congratulated by the Spanish Prime Minister upon the prospect of a period of repose. "We have in France," he answered, "three women who are capable of governing or overturning three great kingdoms: the Duchesse de Longueville, the Princesse Palatine, and Madame de Chevreuse." This was the compliment of an opponent, paid to her after she had reached her sixtieth year.

Perhaps the guiding principle in Madame de Chevreuse's life, in so far as it had any guiding principle, is to be found in her bitter hatred of Richelieu and her affection for Anne of Austria. When she was appointed Superintendent of the Queen's Household, both she and her mistress were girls of seventeen. Madame de Chevreuse, in collaboration with her lover, Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, who had come to France as an agent to arrange the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Henrietta Maria, conceived the audacious project of furnishing the Queen with a lover in the person of Buckingham. The plan, of course, miscarried, but it was found expedient that its author should visit England in Henrietta Maria's train. The Duchesse de Chevreuse was as skilled in conquering English hearts as French ones, and so scandalous was her behavior in London that Richelieu wrote a number of stinging letters, the effects of which made themselves felt until the Cardinal was in his grave. The plot that cost Chalais his life, the conspiracy that stripped Charles of Lorraine of his estates, the intrigue that brought Châteauneuf to prison, these and a hundred others were all inspired by her woman's hatred for Richelieu and her woman's love for his enemies.

What had been begun under Richelieu continued under Mazarin. In spite of Louis XIII.'s wishes, Madame de Chevreuse came back to France, but it was to find a changed Queen and a new though no less hostile Cardinal. Beaufort and the conspiracy of the Importants soon found scope for her activities, and a few years later she plunged into the intricate tangle of the Fronde. It is difficult to form a clear view of that strange warfare, when the leading protagonists changed banners and positions with a rapidity that reminds one of the game of general post. Madame de Chevreuse threw herself into its bewildering complications with zest, still using her woman's weapons, and still true to that passion "which one could say was eternal, although she often changed its object." From Henry Rich to the Marquis de Laigue, all her lovers had made use of her to further their political ends. She placed beauty, intrepidity, resource, and unflinching energy at the service of each, and if she fought a losing battle, the reason is that it was men on the losing side who happened to win her favor. In her case, measures were always secondary to men. As Cardinal de Retz said, "if the Prior of the Carthusians had pleased her, she would have become a recluse in all sincerity."

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THE spirit of romance is as infinitely changeable as Ariel. Fairy-like or heavy-booted, a flashing influence or the creature of funeral, variety is its charm. There is a world of difference between the interest of the scenes of these four efforts in fiction. The distance that separates Mr. Stacpoole's Iceland from the College Window through which Mr. Arthur Benson has so often talked, is not to be measured with mileage, or spanned even by seven-league boots.

I.

Mr. Stacpoole was evidently in excellent vein when penning "The Children of the Sea." Here is a bright romance, touching new interests and alive with imagination, written by one who sees with his mind the realities which his eyes may never have looked upon, yet are as true and necessary as life and truth. Erik Ericsson was an Iclander, a worthy descendant of the Vikings. He had their valor and strength, combined with a similar childlike confidence and daring in playing with the Fates. A giant among men and blessed with considerable cleverness, he was yet a weakling before women; and thereby hangs this tale. It is a bright adventure, with amplitude of local color. The harsh simplicities of Icelandic existence are brought into proper relation with the triumphant mysteries. Erick Ericsson had used the powers of a modern witch-doctor: the price was a bottle of rum. For that little gift he won a night of love—and leprosy. The Fates always have the last word; in Ericsson's case it was not all tragedy. Mr. Stacpoole has used his opportunities well, and worked the interest up to the final crashing climax; then he has stopped without hesitation, and the reader is delighted and content. "The Children of the Sea" is an example of pure romance, which touches lightly, glides easily, over problems of depth. The book, besides being artistically wrought, entertains most excellently well—thus fulfilling not the least of the functions of romance—and is to be counted as another plume in the cap of its industrious begetter.

II.

Mr. Frederick Watson's "Shallows" carries us back to France and Scotland in Jacobite days; but, happily, it is not a conventional romance about a ladylike Charlie, who sleeps on the heather, philanders in the lime-light, and is eloquent before curtain-fall, while red-headed caterans swear in stage Scots and talk of "bluid" and "gude braid-swords." "I would not be surprised," says old Murdoch, a fine rascal, with some shrewdness, "if in a hundred years all Scotland is daft enough to regard the 'forty-five as a page of national romance." He sniffed after saying it, and well he might. "Shallows" is an excellent antidote to the time-worn Jacobite drivel, and is not to be sniffed at by anyone. It touches the old subject; but how differently! Charles Edward we meet and realize as a pathetic figure, the princely incompetent who is beginning his downward, deathward course of wine-cups. Jacobites we encounter in the Highlands, but the gilt is off their ginger-bread. The heroes have lost, and the spies and traitors are winning or losing, as the case may be. It is nearer the truth, and far more romantic, than the blue-bonnet fluff which far too long has blown over the footlights of fiction and the stage. At the beginning, the book has the exaggerations which imply crudeness, and the heroine is far too violent and wonderful for anything; but Mr. Watson soon finds his touch, and then the romance runs easily, interestingly, finely to the proper conclusion. This may be a first novel; if it be so, it holds extraordinary wealth of promise; if it be not so, it is little matter; for it stands for excellent accomplishment now, as well as in the future. Its particular charm is freshness—freshness of conception, freshness of incident. The author who provides that is somebody to welcome in these days of much fustian-fiction and many trick-novels.

III.

"A Fool's Tragedy" is an ambitious, notable book, well worth reading. Its defects are mainly the fruits of its

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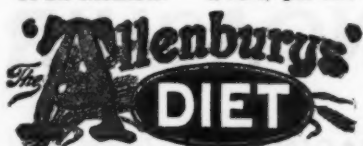
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qualities. Several of the characters are over-drawn, others under-drawn; the dialogue has a chiselled sameness; some of the incidents, as the death of the child, would have been more effective and compelling had they been better led-up to. Moreover, it rather lacks spontaneity. So far for the faults of the book; we put them first to be rid of them; for there remains a grateful and greater store of quality. Wilfred Dodgson Cherry is one of those poor devils whose existence can only be explained by the fact that, somewhere behind the clouds, there are ironic powers compelling food for laughter by making mock of mortals. He is a publisher's clerk, singularly unsuited to the commercial atmosphere of the office. He has written a book, but it was too good or too bad for success; and so he drifted, slaved, was gloriously inefficient. He had married a wife of whom Mr. Scott Craven might well have allowed us to see more. He makes Josie an unsympathetic figure, whereas, in truth, she was more to be pitied than Cherry; for she had a mind equal, if not superior, to his; and through his futilities and fatuousness she was kept at the dull, flat grind of shabby domesticity. It would not be a bad notion for some realistic woman-writer, Miss Violet Hunt, for choice, to take this character in her down-at-heel circumstance, and show the point of view which Mr. Scott Craven has overlooked. Josie comes summarily, and rather mechanically, to her end; and Wilfred Dodgson Cherry stands at the gate of freedom. We congratulate Mr. Craven on his climax. He has not been afraid to find the right ending for this book of sincerity and promise.

IV.

"Watersprings" is chiefly notable for being the first novel, though not the first flight in fiction, of Mr. Arthur Benson. We hope it will remain a single effort; for it is dull, heavy, labored, and unnecessary; merely a long flow of talky-talky, combined with characterization which is rather suggested than realized. The puppets all belong to the well-fed chapter of existence, and find a good deal of sentimentality to express in solid English. Howard Kennedy is a don, who, after a while, finds his state of academical super-excellence pall. In a safe manner, therefore—none of the creatures in Mr. Benson's books are sufficiently wild or heroic to throw away the fattened calf and seek the husks—Howard sheds his university harness, and prudently launches into love. He finds a fit mate in Maude, who would have made a fine Victorian matron. The don and the young thing marry, and have a child. In the last words of "Watersprings," we listen to Maude talking touchingly over the grave of her dead infant. No doubt, many excellent, good people will say "Beautiful!" again and again when reading this novel; but, in spite of such reward of words, what dough it is! Jog-trotting, it wends its way from page to page, without quickening of impulse or interest, without stir of emotion, or even a passing flippancy to relieve the load. No novel this.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Beautiful Lady Craven: The Original Memoirs of Elizabeth, Baroness Craven, afterwards Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth, and Princess Berkeley of the Holy Roman Empire." Edited, with Notes and a Biographical and Historical Introduction, by A. M. BROADLEY and LEWIS MELVILLE. (Lane. 2 Vols. 25s. net.)

LADY CRAVEN'S "Autobiographical Memoirs" first appeared in 1826, and the present reprint contains some unpublished matter, an introduction bearing evidence of close research, and a number of excellent illustrations.

The youngest daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, the author of these memoirs married Lord Craven when she was little more than sixteen. She tells us that her husband was fond and stupid, and that she was beautiful and clever. At all events, after a married life of thirteen years, during which she became the mother of seven children, she and her husband separated. Lady Craven next made a tour of Europe, visiting Constantinople and St. Petersburg, and finally settling down at Anspach as the *chère amie* of the Margrave, adding to the gaiety of the Court by establishing a theatre, writing plays and acting in them, and generally providing for her lover's amusement. Six weeks after Lord Craven's death she married the Margrave, and the couple came to England, where they established themselves at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith. In spite of Queen Charlotte's disapproval, the Margravine managed to win a fair measure of social success, though no influence was able to secure her entry into the British Court. On the other hand, her entertainments were lively and popular, and her invitations were accepted by many interesting people. After the Margrave's death she usually resided abroad. She built a villa on a site given her by the King of Naples, and this was her home until her death in 1828. Her "Memoirs" are fair examples of society gossip, not of any great value to the historical student, but abounding in personalities, with now and then an interesting glimpse of eighteenth-century society. In the present edition, Mr. Broadley and Mr. Melville have brought together a mass of fresh material from Horace Walpole and other sources. This supplements and often corrects Lady Craven's own account of herself, and helps the reader to a better understanding of her times. It is doubtful whether the expenditure of so much labor is well applied in editing a book of this type, but if the work deserved doing, we cannot see how it could have been performed with greater thoroughness.

* * *

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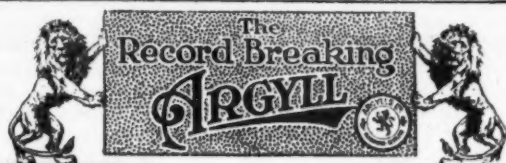
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He had taken up the profession of music, and his talent soon aroused universal enthusiasm, both Marie Antoinette and the Comte d'Artois extending their patronage to him. He promptly set up as a dandy, became a Freemason but not a Jacobin, and went through the Terror not without adventures though he managed to save his head. After visiting and singing in most of the European capitals, he returned to Paris in 1796, was appointed a professor at the Conservatoire, and made himself the arbiter of dress as well as of music. In character he was little to boast of. He was fatuous to a degree, a professed lady-killer, and with all the vanity of the operatic star. Mr. Miall makes Pierre Garat's career a peg on which he hangs a number of good descriptions of artistic and social life in France under the Terror, the Directory, and Napoleon.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. November 7.	Price Friday morning. November 14.
Consols	72½	72½
Midland Deferred	70	70
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Turkish Unified	86	86
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THE week has been a rather less gloomy one for the Stock Exchange, for various reasons. In the first place, the Money Market has been relieved by an improvement in the American Exchange, which seems to remove fears of gold exports to New York. This has been reflected in easier discounts, though the publication of Thursday's Bank return stiffened the three months' rate to a firm 4½ per cent. However, the net result of the week on market sentiment seems to be a stronger hope that the dreaded 6 per cent. rate will not be required. Another, but more artificial, cause of firmness in securities has been buying in Paris—a campaign obviously intended to smooth the way for the impending huge issue of French Rentes. The Paris banks expect to draw the money for this war and armament deficit of 60,000,000 sterling from the hard-earned savings of the thrifty French peasant. Then will come the Turkish and Balkan loans—a more difficult problem, as appears from the fact that this very week an issue of Bulgarian Treasury bonds has not been met on maturity. The new issue of the Government of Western Australia (4 per Cents. at 97) has been a failure, for 72 per cent. of the issue has been left on the underwriters' hands. The last cause of cheerfulness has been a belief that President Wilson intends to do for Mexico what his predecessors did for Cuba, and, in this expectation, some speculators have bought Mexican railway shares. But it is easier to hope than to believe in a speedy pacification of the Mexican guerillas. Meanwhile, all foreign properties in Mexico—banks, mines, oil-fields, and railways—are suffering damage and depreciation. Financial conditions in Brazil are thought to be rather better, and there has been quite a substantial rally in Japanese Bonds.

FOREIGN BONDS AND THE ROUMANIAN LOAN.

The Roumanian Loan has made its appearance, and is said to have been over-applied for, though there is no apparent reason why it should have attracted the British investor. Its total amount is £9,900,000, of which one-fifth, or £1,980,000, was offered here, the remainder being issued simultaneously in Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Roumania. The bonds are of £19 16s. each, and were offered at £90 1s. 10d. per five bonds, equivalent to 91 per cent. Interest is at the rate

of 4½ per cent., and the loan is redeemable by drawings at par spread over forty years; but the prospectus omits to say whether the drawings are cumulative or equal in amount—a point which makes a difference in calculating the chances of early redemption, with a consequently quicker profit. On a bond which remained outstanding for the full forty years, and was then repaid at par, the yield would be just over 5 per cent. Roumania has no existing loans quoted in London, so comparison cannot be made; but the current yields on some of the bonds of the 5 per cent. order may be set out for comparative purposes:—

	1913.		Present	Yield.
	High.	Low.	Price.	£ s. d.
Argentine 5% 1886-7 ...	104	101½	102	5 0 0
Brazilian 4% 1889 ...	85½	72½	76	5 5 3
Bulgarian 6% 1892 ...	104½	96	101	6 0 0
Chilian 4½ 1895 ...	92	87	88	5 2 0
Chinese 5% 1896 ...	102½	97½	97½	5 3 6
Egyptian 4% Unified ...	101½	95	97	4 2 6
Hungarian 4% Gold ...	89	82	83	4 18 9
Italian 3½ Rente ...	97	92½	96	3 13 6
Japanese 4% 1910 ...	85½	76	79	5 2 6
Russian 5% 1906 ...	105½	101½	102	4 17 6
Turkish 4% Unified ...	88½	81½	86	4 13 3
Roumanian 4½ 1913 ...	—	—	91	5 0 6

Prices of many of the bonds in the above list are not much above the lowest touched during the year, but those which have been subject to special depression, like Turks, Bulgarians, and Brazilians, have recovered somewhat. There is little incentive to buy the bonds of the belligerent countries, who all have masses of floating debt, which will have to be funded by some means or other, necessitating new bond issues at lower prices than the old. Brazil is overburdened with debt; Russia is constantly borrowing to meet revenue deficits; and China is, it appears, attempting to raise money for administration purposes outside the Five-Power group. Argentina and Japan, however, seem to have realized the evils of over-borrowing, and both are trying to improve their finances. They are helped on the hard path of economy by the difficulties of the world's Money Markets, but if money grows cheaper, they may succumb to the temptations which London issuing houses are always holding out to the debtor nations.

HUMBER'S PROFITS.

The hopes which last year's annual accounts of Humber, Ltd., the cycle and motor manufacturers, raised in the minds of shareholders have not been dashed by the latest results, though the distribution is restricted to one year's arrears on the preference capital. The year's trading profits are £70,556, against £42,498, and the net profits £50,558 against £25,670. The directors carry forward £30,669, stating that they wish to strengthen the company's resources, in view of the expanding business. Last year the profits were absorbed in clearing up the balance-sheet of past deficits and losses on the aeroplane department (now discontinued)—an unfortunate piece of ill-timed enterprise. The improvement in the company's results is due to its success with cheap motor cars. It is fighting the American invasion with its own weapons—in fact, it might do better if its productions were a little less American in their appearance—and as long as it continues to produce a saleable article, shareholders have not much to grumble about. It is hardly surprising, however, after many years of losses and unsuccessful enterprise on the part of the directors, if the shareholders do feel that success is so elusive that they might have a share in it while it lasts. It is to be hoped the directors will not disappoint them this time, and that next year's accounts will show the resources of the company to have reached a point at which shareholders may take a dividend without jeopardizing future prosperity.

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VALUATION OF LAND.

Your 900,000 acres of land not only possesses these qualifications, but, in respect of the first, I may say it is on the average, situated within much less than one-half of the twenty-five mile railway limit. (Applause.) In fact, over 300,000 acres are actually traversed by the railway. Now, taking this land at the conservative figure of 7s. per acre, we get a total value of approximately £430,000. We have farms and other interests in the Transvaal, also mines and mining claims in Rhodesia, which we can safely say represent a value of £140,000. The foregoing value of these assets, if added together, gives us a total of £935,000—(hear, hear)—against which we have liabilities of £85,000, leaving, on the above basis, a balance of assets over liabilities of £850,000, against a total issued capital of £753,590. (Applause.) I think it would be wrong of me to pass on from these figures, unless I called your special attention to the fact that your quoted assets have been written down to £176,000—a sum that is quite impossible to accept as their real value. Their quotations in this respect are, in my opinion, absolutely misleading, and, subject to normal times prevailing, I look with confidence to their commanding at least double this amount. Let me again turn to the question of your company's most important asset—namely, its land holdings, coupled with its ranching interests in Rhodesia, because the question of land in Rhodesia, and its possibilities in connection with ranching, mixed agriculture, closer settlement and immigration has lately been occupying serious public attention.

RANCHING AND AGRICULTURE.

There is a further matter to which I should certainly like to draw your attention. Suggestions have from time to time been made that we have been doing nothing with our land. Let me tell you that this is not the fact. We have had nearly the whole of it thoroughly examined and reported upon. We have full information, not only as to its position and accessibility, but also as to its water supply, fertility, the character of its soils, etc., and particularly its possibilities for ranching, mixed agriculture, dairying, and tobacco-growing, etc. Our unquoted shares to which I have referred at the figure of £58,000, cover a controlling interest of over 60 per cent. of the total issued capital of a ranching company possessing a ranch of approximately 115,000 acres in Northern Rhodesia, with over 4,500 head of cattle, a large number of which are half-breeds up to eighteen months old, bred on the ranch, from native cows, with, Hereford, Devon, and Lincoln bulls sent out from England. This same company also owns an estate in Southern Rhodesia of approximately 144,000 acres, almost adjoining the township of Gwanda, with the railway running through a portion of it. Ranching operations are being commenced here. It is proposed to use this more as a bullock ranch, and the northern ranch as—if I may use the term—a breeding establishment and nursery. The northern ranch is, I think, without any question of doubt, one of the finest cattle ranches, if not the finest, in the whole of South Africa, and quite recently more English bulls and heifers have been sent out to it for further improved breeding purposes, and these are now safely

installed on the ranch. The acquisition by your Company of this most important asset was consequent upon my becoming your chairman. (Hear, hear.) Your interest in this ranching company will, I am sure, considerably increase in value, but you may take it from me that to-day it is worth well over £80,000. We have also, as I have previously informed you, joined hands with the Transvaal and Rhodesian Estates, Ltd., and have commenced ranching on two farms, one in the Gwanda and the other in the Tuli district—aggregating some 300,000 acres. We have exported English Hereford bulls and English heifers, which have passed through the period of inoculation to render them immune from local cattle diseases, without the loss of a single animal. (Hear, hear.) We have bought two herds of native cows, and have commenced ranching operations on this ground, which, I may inform you, practically adjoins the ranch of the celebrated firm of Liebig's.

FORMATION OF SUBSIDIARY COMPANY.

We propose a little later on affording the shareholders of this Company and those of the Transvaal and Rhodesian Estates, Ltd., an opportunity of becoming more directly interested in this ranch, if they so desire. We shall form a separate ranching company to acquire this 300,000 acres and continue active ranching operations. We shall sell the land at a reasonable valuation, entirely for shares, and further shares will be issued for cash, the proceeds of which will be used solely for working capital. (Hear, hear.) But, before placing any of these working capital shares outside, we shall first give to our own shareholders the opportunity of subscribing to them in whole or in part, if they so desire.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENCE.

Before I close, there is one other matter to which I must refer. A number of letters, adversely and unfairly criticising the Company's management and prospects, have appeared in several newspapers over various *noms de plume*. Your directors welcome fair and proper criticism; but, in any case, I think you will agree that the persons who thus criticise should sign their letters, in order that readers may better judge, first, what the objects of the writers are; and, secondly, whether they have any right or qualification to so criticise. (Hear, hear.) It is a fair inference that, in many instances, these anonymous, covert attacks upon your Company have been instigated by persons whose object is to damage it for their own ulterior purposes. (Hear, hear.) Such letters have contained innumerable queries, and many suggestions that your interests are not receiving proper attention at the hands of your directors. Means have been taken to trace some of these letters to their source, and it has been found that, in most cases, the writers are not even shareholders. In this connection, and in the interests of shareholders as a body, I venture to make a suggestion to the financial editors of our newspapers. It is that, before publishing letters criticising a company's prospects or management, they will insist, either that the correspondent consents to the publication of his name and address—(hear, hear)—or proves that he is a shareholder, and consents to his name and address being supplied on demand to the company he criticizes. (Hear, hear.) Perhaps, too, he might be asked to produce proof that he had properly appealed, and in vain, to the company concerned for the information he desires. (Hear, hear.) The British press is far and away the best, the cleanest, and fairest in the world. It is one of our greatest institutions, and I am sure that the appeal I have ventured to make will meet with serious consideration, and, if acted upon, as I sincerely hope it will be, will result in stopping an improper and eminently unfair method of criticism, particularly damaging to the best interests of a company and its shareholders. (Hear, hear.) This is only a statutory meeting. There is no resolution for me to put before you on which to ask you to vote; but, of course, I shall be very pleased to answer any questions that any shareholder may think fit to put to me. (Applause.)

After various shareholders' questions had been answered, Mr. H. S. Foster moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman, in reply, said it was particularly gratifying to receive a unanimous vote of thanks. He felt confident that before the next year was out, he would be able to attend a meeting, and to announce to the shareholders the fact that the directors were going to pay a substantial dividend.

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